

APRIL 24, 1978

\$1.00

TIME

Man on the Move

Secretary of State
Cyrus Vance

INFLATION
Carter
Tries Again

\$67
\$43
\$35



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HOW TO REDUCE RUST

YOU MAY BE WASHING THE WRONG SIDE OF YOUR CAR.

Spring is a perfect time to do something about rust.

Rusting is a year-round problem, and corrosive conditions have become a lot worse in the last five years.

If you live where salt is used to melt ice on the roads, that is speeding up corrosion on your car. If you live in the country, it's the calcium chloride that's spread on dirt roads to hold down dust. And corrosive chemicals in the air are causing rust in every part of America.

We're doing something to help prevent rust on the new cars we're building. Meanwhile, you can do something about reducing rust on your car.

It's important to wash your car often. Use a mild soap and lukewarm or cold water.

Please don't neglect the underside of your car. The worst rusting happens from the inside out. That's

because salt, slush, and even mud tend to collect in the crevices underneath the car, in the door creases, and inside the fenders. Moisture gets trapped in those places and causes rust. So try to wash the underside of your car, too. In winter, if you can, and at the first opportunity in spring. Even if it's only a few times a year, that would help some.

If your car gets dented, scratched, or chipped, try to get it repaired as soon as possible. Even a "small" scratch is bad. Because once a car starts to rust, the damage spreads fast. The paint around a dent or scratch can look okay, but rust is spreading underneath. In the long run, it's cheaper to fix the car right away.

A lot of people think that parking a car in a heated garage during the winter will help prevent rust. But it's just the opposite. Cold slows down the rusting process, as it does most chemical reactions.

We're doing more now to protect GM cars from rust. For one thing, we're using more rust-resistant materials, including different types of zinc-coated steel, in places where rust usually occurs. Also, our new paint primers and the way we apply them are designed to provide a thorough finish, even on some parts of the car you can't see.

Our goal is to protect your car so that it lasts longer and gives you the most value. And fighting rust helps.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation
to serve people

A Letter from the Publisher

Cyrus Vance went to Washington insisting he would travel abroad only rarely as Secretary of State, a comment that led Henry Kissinger to wisecrack to the correspondents who regularly roamed the world with him: "You guys are going to miss me. The only shuttle you're going to see from now on is between Washington and New York."

Not so. To date Vance has logged some 180,000 miles as Secretary of State, and with him nearly all the way has been either TIME's Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott or State Department Correspondent Christopher Ogden, who had an exclusive interview with Secretary Vance before his latest trip (see NATION). When Vance took off for Africa, Talbott went along. Senior Writer Ed Magnuson used the extensive files from Ogden and Talbott for this week's cover story assessing the Secretary and his record.

Covering Vance is quite a different task from following Kissinger. Talbott remembers how much Kissinger liked holding airborne seminars for reporters and taking them into his confidence. He even enjoyed arguing with correspondents. At other

times, recalls Ogden, "Kissinger would come to the back of the plane, perch on your armrest, pick cocktail nuts off your tray and tell outrageous and fascinating stories about officials he dealt with—all off the record, of course."

The Vance style is quieter. While stringent, his security arrangements are lower-keyed than Kissinger's. The former Secretary used to fly his armored limousine around the world; Vance rides in the local ambassador's car. Dealing with the

press, Vance is more reserved than Kissinger was, rarely holding discussions from a plane-seat armrest. He prefers formal briefings, does not treat reporters as cronies and does not like to gossip. Still, there are signs that his style is becoming more relaxed as he gets to know the dozen or so correspondents who are steadily assigned to him and cover the State Department. Occasionally his aides will talk Vance into meeting with the press late at

night, and the sessions often show the Secretary at his best—exhilarated at the end of a long day, laughing at the cracks of reporters and updating them on the day's events. Almost always on hand: Talbott or Ogden.

Ralph P. Davidson



Ogden (left) and Talbott meeting with Secretary of State Vance

Index

Cover: Illustration by Daniel Schwartz.



12 Cover: President Carter sends Secretary of State Vance to Africa, London and Moscow. His tough assignments: a "last-mile" effort to avoid a superpower clash in Rhodesia, and to attempt to end the deadlock on SALT. See NATION.



34 World: A land of stark beauty, mineral-rich Namibia faces a dangerous road to independence. ▶ A key Moscow man at the U.N. defects. ▶ Marcos cracks down after his victory. ▶ Porn and profits transform Italian TV.



66 Inflation: Carter makes a new try at checking the frustrating and persistent phenomenon of rising prices—swinging a veto club, limiting federal pay and naming a chief jawboner. See ECONOMY & BUSINESS.

22 Nation

A last-minute snag jeopardizes the Panama Canal treaty. Three former top FBI officials are indicted for dirty tricks.

73 Education

U.S. colleges and universities get \$15 billion a year from the Government. So why are they biting the hand that feeds them?

55 Law

With radical lawyers on trial, West Germany faces a dilemma: how to curb terrorism without curbing civil rights.

86 Art

Treasures from the time capsule buried in Pompeii in A.D. 79. The blockbuster show starts its four-city U.S. tour in Boston.

59 Behavior

Nonsmokers v. smokers fight a war of nerves. ▶ When it comes to tipping, some U.C.L.A. rats are only human.

88 Living

Top Parisian designers produce a rackful of assorted ready-to-wear fashions that should please just about everybody.

60 Medicine

New "alternative birthing centers" are combining hospital facilities with all the comforts of natural home delivery.

90 Books

Novelist Mary Gordon makes an impressive debut. ▶ *The World According to Garp* is John Irving's intense tragicomedy.

63 Religion

Exotheologians wonder what will become of the Creator-God, and of Christianity itself, if intelligent life is found Out There.

99 Essay

Older women are now appreciated far more than in the past, a fact that is a welcome development for men as well as women.

64 Environment

A high cancer rate among children in Rutherford, N.J., raises questions about one of the most cancer-ridden states.

4 Letters

74 Milestones
79 Music
81 Theater
82 Sport
85 People

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Travolta Fever

To the Editors:

I can't think of a more delightful way to usher in spring than with your story on John Travolta [April 3]. He is an electrifying, sumptuous boy-man, who exudes a magical aura on-screen that could cause volcanic eruptions. In our part of the world, he has caused disco-dance-contest crazes, polyester-chrome-hair crazes, neon *Saturday Night Fever* T shirts, etc.

Patricia Cahill
Montreal

At first I thought I had spring fever, but now I know it is Travolta fever. I have



seen *Saturday Night Fever* three times, and each time it gets better and better.

Mary Lee
St. Louis

So Travolta flies without wings. Does he shuffle and strut on water too?

Elizabeth Vuchnich
Toledo

I am not impressed with Travolta. His *Saturday Night Fever* is a racist, sexist and offensive film. It has a Neanderthal mentality with 1970s vulgarity. Recycled mass mediocrity has taken over.

Jeffre Harde
Huntington Woods, Mich.

When cloning is perfected, would you send me a copy of John Travolta, please?
Kristine Klewin
Wauwatosa, Wis.

You give us Cheryl Tiegs in a fishnet bathing suit, but not John Travolta in his black bikinis. Give women something to oggle too.

Nancy Martini
Sacramento

You certainly have gall to say *Saturday Night Fever* "made superstars of a likable rock group called the Bee

Letters

Gees." Come on! The only reason *Saturday Night Fever* is a success at all is because of the Bee Gees.

Tina Utz
North Springfield, Va.

I cannot believe Robin Gibb has the audacity to compare the Bee Gees to the Beatles. The Bee Gees' music consists only of pre-teen whining, while the Beatles are thought of as modern-day Mozarts. That is quite a difference.

Dennis Fischer
Pittsburgh

U.S. Defense

Your article "Can the U.S. Defend Itself?" [April 3] may pull a few ostrich heads out of the sand.

Too long have our people and Congress ignored the obvious. You don't need to be paranoid, believing there is a Communist under every bed, to see the glaring examples of Soviet deceit. It amazes me to see concessions still being given to the Soviets in SALT II.

Bob G. Dickie
La-Selva Beach, Calif.

It is refreshing to see attention focused on the danger of our weak and deteriorating military posture, both nuclear and conventional.

Repeated and soothing reassurances by our political leaders that "we're No. 1" cannot forever obscure the fact that their neglect of our defenses, although politically expedient, is an inexcusable flirtation with disaster.

It is a fashionable cliché that we can't afford defense. Perhaps we can't afford survival either.

David C. Howard
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Judging by your round table of cold warriors, the military threat the American people should most fear is in the Pentagon, not the Kremlin. What we most need to face is the inflation fueled by \$150 billion of stupid racing to more madness.

Tom Lowe
Santa Cruz, Calif.

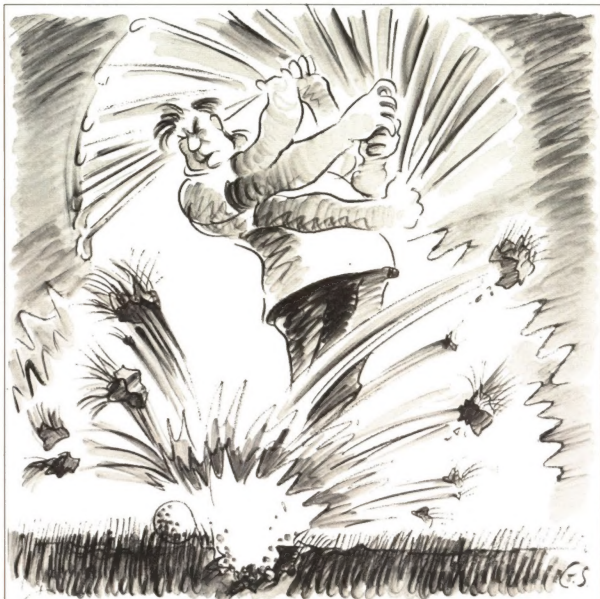
Inflation

I agree with your statement that "the Administration needs to begin immediately crafting a coherent strategy to stop inflation" [April 3].

Unfortunately, this doesn't appear likely. Any effective policy would require leadership—a vital ingredient that is totally lacking in this Administration.

Clarence O. Gradin
Plano, Texas

Is it not time that we accepted the reality that inflation is not just an economic phenomenon? It is a direct result of the understandable desire of most of us to receive as we want rather than as a direct re-



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WEATHER

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ALL IN ALL

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WFYR 103½ FM





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They used to call him "One Suit" Stuart because he wore the same suit day after day. Stuart loved fine clothes but found himself being priced out of the market, and rather than wear cheap suits he bought none at all.

Then someone suggested
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THE SUITERY... where Stuart found an ocean of great looking, easy fitting suits. Beautiful suits whose intrinsic quality was fifty dollars more than their **SUITERY** price. And he found dozens to choose from.

Stuart's purchases included this impeccably tailored wool blend with a fashionable pin-stripe, although solids and plaids were also available. The **INTRINSIC QUALITY LEVEL** of this fine suit is over \$195, but **THE SUITERY** price is only

\$139

Don't become a "One Suit Stuart". You can afford fine clothing again at **THE SUITERY.**

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* Intrinsic quality level is a standard of value based upon tailoring detail, structural design, fabrics, and fashion longevity.

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**"The grip is basic
for proper control"**

Tom Watson,
1977 Masters and
British Open Champion

**"The grip is basic
for proper control"**

Armstrong Tires

The way a tire is designed and built determines how well it grips the road. And that is a factor which determines the kind of driving control you get behind the wheel. Why do Roger Staubach and Tom Watson prefer the Armstrong Coronet steel belted radial? They like the way Coronet's road-hugging design gives them a combination of driving control and passenger comfort. Ask your independent Armstrong dealer to show you the full line of Armstrong tires. You'll like the way they perform. And you'll love the values.

ARMSTRONG TIRES
GRIP THE ROAD



Letters

turn for what we do or produce. Perhaps the economists interested in braking inflation should be turning to the psychologists for methods to induce us to act a bit more humanly and less naturally.

Edward A. Grassby
Morelos, Mexico

I definitely agree that inflation is our No. 1 economic problem. What is the use of being employed if you are being priced right out of existence?

Howard S. Pearlman
Haddonfield, N.J.

Lying in the Garden

What a strange spirit breathes through your article "Ground Rules for Telling Lies" (April 3). Could it be possible that only now Americans have begun to tell lies daily? Do you mean it took 400 years before the paradisiacal garden of the New World was besmudged by deceit and political corruption? Is it a display of great moral intelligence to arrive at the conclusion that we should lie less often?

By idealizing Americans and American history you and Author Sissela Bok might just be adding one more deceit to all the others.

Roddey Reid III
New Haven, Conn.

Social Psychologist Jerald Jellison states that the average American lies 200 times per day. That works out to be about once every five minutes throughout each waking day. I don't know about the rest of my fellow citizens, but I don't even speak that often!

Debbie Fagen
Evanston, Ill.

I was disturbed by the suggestion, attributed to Sissela Bok, that only those lies "approved in advance by the general public" be permitted (e.g., unmarked police cars). Has not that complex weblike underpinning, as well as the resultant American cynicism, already clearly been approved in advance by that same amorphous mass, the general public?

I certainly do not intend to trust any general public to establish truth (or validate lies) for me.

Jeann Anderson
Fairbanks, Alaska

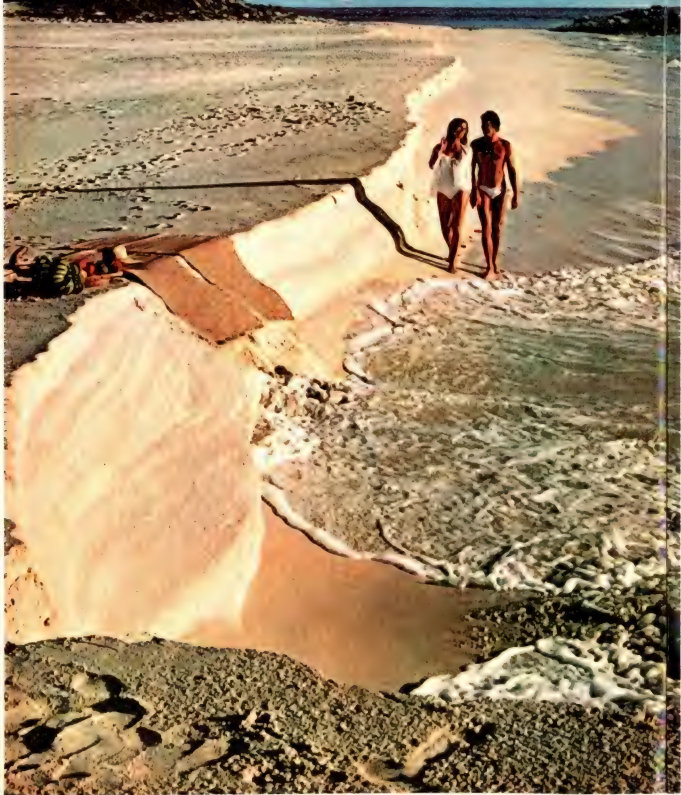
When Bok claims that lying is an acceptable part of social psychology, her views are at best misleading. Although some temporary deception of participants in research experiments is common, the participants are usually informed before the experiment that they may be deceived, are allowed to withdraw from the experiment at any time, and are given a complete, honest description of everything in the experiment immediately afterward. The purpose of such deception is usually not a sadistic attempt to see how the participant "reacts under pressure," but

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Call for
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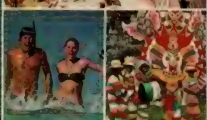
You'll find that whatever you do, you can do it first class in The Bahamas.

Or leave all your ties at home.

We have places so relaxing, you'll unwind before you unpack.

Places with no rules. No time schedules. Nothing to follow but your own instincts.

And if you'd like an island of your own for a day, we can even arrange that.



You can do absolutely everything.

From colorful festivals like Junkanoo and Goombay to diving in the world's most colorful waters, The Bahamas are full of things to do.

Try an exotic sport like para-sailing or wind-surfing. And fish in the seas that gave Hemingway his novel ideas.

Or do nothing at all.

Doing nothing in The Bahamas is really something. Sometimes the best island souvenirs are a suntan and the peace of mind you get from days on our blissful beaches.

However you want to spend your vacation, we have a vacation for you.

We're only 50 miles off the coast of Florida, but worlds away in atmosphere. And our people are as warm as our sunshine.

So come to The Bahamas. Where the islands go on forever. And the possibilities never end.

For reservations and information, call your travel agent or 800-327-0787. In Florida 800-432-5594.

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BAHAMAS



B and B The romance never goes out of some marriages.

Perhaps some marriages are still made in heaven. But one heavenly marriage is made only in Fécamp, France. It's B and B. Benedictine and Brandy.

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is Benedictine is wed to fine Cognac. The result is what every marriage should be—unvarying delight. That's why when there is romance in your soul, there should be B and B in your glass. B and B "On the Rocks."

From Benedictine Fécamp, France



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Letters

rather it is to allow researchers to answer questions more important than whether people can follow instructions.

Lynn R. Kahle
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Neb.

American Mirth

In reference to the Essay "How to Raise the U.S. Mirth Rate" [April 3] by Frank Trippett: Ha?

Mark E. Negie
Middlebourne, W. Va.

Concerning your Essay: Ha! Ha! Ha!
Mike Hannon
Aurora, Ohio

The witty commentary in the Essay in itself proved, to my relief, that good humor in this country is not extinct. And I laughed. In fact, I haven't laughed so heartily since once in 1958, somewhere, I got a bad review.

Victor Borje
Greenwich, Conn.

Names to Live With

Baby girls have traditionally been the more common targets of ideologically slapstick names such as Hope, Silence, Charity, Faith, Prudence, Chastity, Five-Year Plan and She-who-digs-tubers-without-complaint. And now Phoenix, of all places, has an Equal Rights Amendment McCartney [April 3].

McCartney *mere* may come to reconsider that choice for any number of reasons, and if so, may I suggest that without any sacrifice of commitment, she could spare herself, her daughter and others some trouble by condensing Equal Rights Amendment to *Era*.

Ryan Anthony
Providence

Safe Alternative?

The tragic radioactive contamination of Bikini Island [April 3] gives more insight into the many and serious faults of the U.S. Government's nuclear policy. The Atomic Energy Commission unwisely judged the island safe for its inhabitants' return. Now the Micronesians will again be moved, since testing indicates the presence of radioactive poisoning.

Proponents of atomic reactors declare that nuclear power is a safe alternative to our energy needs. If in the future today's safety standards are found to be inadequate, will the remedy be to move Americans as they have Micronesians?

There is no hiding from the dangers of radioactive pollution.

Bruce Walker
Eugene, Ore.

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



This advertising message prepared and presented by the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

Saudi Arabia and the U.S.: A Special Relationship

HISTORIC MEETINGS: President Jimmy Carter visited His Majesty King Khalid in Saudi Arabia in January to reaffirm their countries' special relationship (above). Last year HRH Crown Prince Fahd met with President Carter in Washington to discuss mutual objectives (right).



Saudi Arabia and the United States have worked out a special relationship on a broad range of basic matters during the past 40 years.

Today, the key elements in this cooperation include:

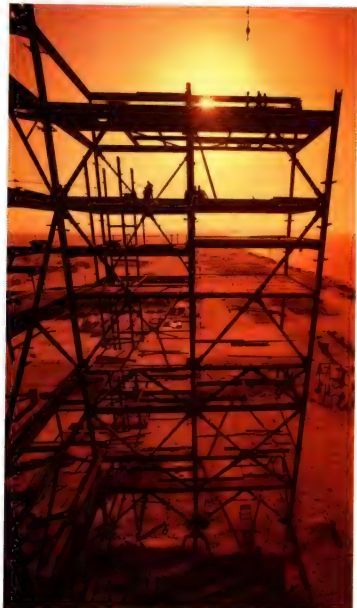
- Mutual economic development. Saudi Arabia supplies almost a tenth of all the oil used by Americans, while the U.S. furnishes substantial skills, technology, and equipment to meet growing Saudi needs.

- Increased trade. Saudi purchases from the U.S. will total nearly \$5 billion this year, while agreements with American firms for future goods and services already exceed \$25 billion.

- A healthier international economy. Saudi oil production and pricing policies and Saudi financial efforts now provide essential support for the Free World economy. Saudi Arabia seeks both to support the dollar and to resist international inflation.

- A strategic partnership for the Non-Communist world. Parallel with the U.S., Saudi Arabia seeks stability and moderation in the Middle East, provides essential economic support to Western Europe, Japan, and other industrial nations, and devotes 15 per cent of its annual income to assist the developing countries.

Within this framework, as President Carter has stated, "The future of Saudi Arabia and the future of the United States are tied together very closely in an irrevocable way."



A huge gas and oil-fired power plant rises on the Gulf, built by a Saudi affiliate of a California company for the Arabian-American Oil Company

Matters of Mutual Concern

THE OIL PARTNERSHIP

Saudi Arabia contains 25 per cent of the Earth's proven oil resources and is looked to by U.S. officials as the most important future source of oil from abroad for America.

Today the U.S. obtains from Saudi Arabia almost a tenth of the oil being used by Americans. That is almost 20 per cent of the oil America imports. This provides the energy for millions of American jobs, the heat for millions of American homes and apartments, and the fuel for millions of American vehicles.

Saudi Arabia is pumping significantly more oil each day than is necessary to finance its own development and to meet its other responsibilities. It does so to help meet the needs of a balanced international economy.

Saudi Arabia has led the effort on behalf of moderate oil prices, fair to both the producing and consuming countries. The Kingdom's leadership on that has been expressly recognized by Presidents Carter and Ford.

Saudi oil resources, though the largest in the world, are not unlimited. Strenuous efforts are being made by the Kingdom to harness natural gas which hitherto had been burned off because it was too expensive to contain and utilize. Using largely U.S. companies, the Kingdom is investing more than \$12 billion for a gas-gathering system that will provide vast new quantities of petrochemicals, fertilizer, and other products for the world.

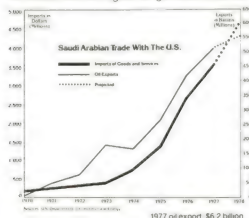
Saudi Arabia urges energy conservation by people everywhere and the rapid development of solar and other energy sources.

THE TRADING PARTNERSHIP

Saudi Arabia is engaged in a \$142-billion development program during the 1975-1980 period, a vast undertaking to be greatly expanded during the early 1980s.

While the U.S. has been the Saudi's largest trading partner since World War II, recent purchases from America have grown at a phenomenal rate: from \$1.5 billion in 1975 to \$3.6 billion in 1977, and nearly \$5 billion in purchases are expected in 1978.

In addition, American companies have a backlog of firm orders from the Kingdom for goods, services, and



"The Special Relationship"

Oil, Trade,

projects over the years ahead worth more than \$25 billion.

This high level of trade is generating several hundred thousand jobs in the U.S. as a direct result—and many more indirectly. And the jobs are not only in large companies, but in small and medium-sized firms in Boston, Cleveland, Little Rock, Detroit, Denver, Fresno, and scores of other American cities and towns.

Saudi Arabia's temporary capital surplus accumulates from oil sales—to be spent later for building addi-



An offshore rig drilling for oil in the Gulf

tional schools, hospitals, and infrastructure at home—has been conservatively placed in U.S. Treasury notes, U.S. home mortgage funds, and other stable investments. This has helped to reinforce the American economy and free U.S. capital reserves to finance tens of thousands of new U.S. homes and well over a million additional American jobs.

HUMAN DIMENSIONS OF PARTNERSHIP

The U.S. Saudi relationship is close not only in economic and political ways. It also has vital human and social dimensions.

Nearly 10,000 young Saudis are studying at colleges and graduate schools in the U.S. Their return home and the arrival of still other young Saudis has a geometric impact over the years. Today, for example, half the members of the Saudi Council of Ministers, or Cabinet, have higher educational degrees from U.S. universities.

More than 30,000 Americans are living and working in Saudi Arabia, helping to build much of the country's

and Common Purposes

fast-emerging new infrastructure. And the number is growing.

American doctors, nurses, and technicians now play important roles in the rapid expansion of hospitals and health centers and U.S. contractors are building tens of thousands of new houses, scores of new schools, and five new or greatly expanded universities.

Saudi Arabia is moving rapidly to assure a vigorous and full life for its people, based upon the family-oriented, self-reliant, and deeply religious traditional values of Islam.

THE STRATEGIC PARTNERSHIP

Saudi Arabia, along with the U.S., is now a key pillar in the security arrangements of the Non-Communist coalition of nations.

This is so not only because Saudi oil reserves are essential for the U.S., Japan, Western Europe, NATO, and the developing nations—but also for other immediate and specific reasons.

Saudi Arabia has undertaken major initiatives to help the dollar, resist inflation, support international financial institutions, and encourage Free World prosperity.

Saudi Arabia is dedicated to a comprehensive, just, and lasting settlement in the Middle East, to stability and cooperation, not confrontation, in international matters, and to a close and mutual working relationship with the U.S. and the Non-Communist nations of the world.

Saudi Arabia's commitment to moderation in international, economic, and political affairs, the constructive



Saudi Arabia is as large as U.S. east of the Mississippi River

role it plays in the Middle East and Africa, and its opposition to the spread of Communism, have drawn increasing extremist hostility and potential danger from a number of different directions, including most recently the Horn of Africa. In opposing the spread of Communism, Saudi Arabia is protecting both itself and vital interests of the United States and the Free World.

(over)



SAUDI PROFILES—Saudi Arabia's development program takes many forms: school boys study (top left); engineers at the multibillion dollar industrial complex of Jubail (top right); an oil worker, a nurse at a maternity hospital, and students at one of the many girls' schools in Saudi Arabia (bottom row)



"Unless you bear in mind this yearning of our people for a better life after 3,000 years of subhuman existence you will not understand what is going on in Saudi Arabia."

Dr. Ghazi Algosaihi, the 38-year old Saudi Minister of Industry and Electricity, is in charge of his country's vast industrialization effort. He has degrees from Cairo University (Law), the Universities of Southern California (M.A.) and London (Ph.D.), and has been a professor, diplomat, and administrator. Dr. Algosaihi is also a prolific writer, with three books of poetry published in Arabic and a new one in English, plus articles on law, literature, and political science.

Here, adapted from an interview which first appeared in a leading U.S. newspaper, Dr. Algosaihi seeks to convey to Americans the motives, hopes, and frustrations of his countrymen as they develop their nation at an unprecedented pace.

A PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE Foreigners used to complain that the Saudi people were sleeping, that they never moved and that they were living in the 13th and 14th century.

Now all of a sudden some foreigners are complaining that we are moving too fast, that we are spending too much money. They say we are changing our own traditions, destroying our own society. I really don't know what we are expected to do.

Think what this country was like only a few decades ago. I was born in 1940. My mother died of typhoid because there was no doctor in town. She was only 28. I almost lost my sight because there was no eye doctor. There were scorpions in our house. I was stung more than once. I was lucky to survive.

The mortality rate was 60 to 70 per cent. A family had six or seven children in order to end up keeping one of them. We had no electricity until the last two decades or so.

Now, if a man lost his mother because there was no doctor, he would be very anxious to have about 10 hospitals. This may cause problems. It may create pressures, but he will still want to see the hospitals built.

We are trying to achieve our goals with little trained manpower, with no sophistication. We have managed to make many mistakes.

We have waste. There is some corruption. But I don't think we have more than our share. I think you'll find the vast majority honest and hard working.

We know there is no shortcut to development. We know it is a hard uphill struggle and requires tremendous self-discipline and self-help.

We have managed to maintain a very clear perspective, while recognizing that circumstances forced upon us a role that is greater than would have been the case without the oil situation.

And we have done our part for the Third World. We have given, in per capita terms, about 200 times more than the United States has ever given.

And we did not forget our responsibility to the West. This is not for any propaganda reason, but because we are fully aware that our system is integrated with the Free World. In fact, the whole world is interdependent now. That is what each of us—everywhere—has to realize.



Royal Embassy of Saudi Arabia, Washington, D.C.

E

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Much-traveled Secretary in the place he prefers to be: directing State Department from his office suite

Nation

TIME/APR. 24, 1978

COVER STORY

Vance: Man on the Move

A cool diplomat confronts crisis in Africa, deadlock in Russia

In the age of instantaneous communication via space satellite, the art of diplomacy is still practiced, as it was in the days of Talleyrand or Machiavelli, face to face, man to man. That is why Cyrus Roberts Vance, 61, the cool, gray professional who serves as the U.S.'s 56th Secretary of State, last week found himself tossing and twisting on a blue and green sofa bed some 35,000 ft. over the Sahara desert. He was on the move once again, in a white and blue Air Force Boeing 707 outfitted like a flying foreign ministry, with its own cryptographic machines and its own ice cubes.

Vance was on his way, through turbulent skies, to Dar es Salaam, in Tanzania, then to South Africa, then Rhodesia, then London, then Moscow. The twelve-day odyssey will add some 20,000 miles to the 160,000 that the Secretary has logged since he became the nation's chief diplomat 15 months ago—quite a bit of traveling (to 28 countries) for a man who once vowed to stay close to his office. But the problems that the U.S. now confronts in its relations with Africa, and with the Soviet Union, demand every bit of skill, intelligence, dedication and finesse that Cy Vance can bring to them.

It is possible, actually, that Vance left

the nation's most treacherous foreign affairs crisis behind him in Washington, where the Senate was scheduled to vote this week on the treaty transferring the Panama Canal to Panama by the year 2000. The prospective vote was so close—a related treaty passed last month by only one vote more than the required two-thirds—that a handful of borderline Senators suddenly acquired an extraordinary power to demand their own revisions in the treaty. A defeat in the Senate would be a stunning blow to U.S. prestige throughout Latin America, a hedged Senate vote that might provoke the already affronted Panamanians into rejecting the treaty on their own would be hardly less harmful.

Either result would be a personally damaging defeat for President Carter, already beset by worsening inflation and spreading doubts about his ability to govern effectively. Sharply aware of those doubts, Carter decided on a trip of his own last weekend—to Camp David for a summit session with his key advisers on ways to rechart the course of his Administration.

To Cy Vance, however, fell the responsibility for two more distant diplomatic problems that also are entering a critical stage.

AFRICA. It is Vance's goal to arrange a truce conference among all participants in the Rhodesian guerrilla fighting before it degenerates into an international war, with possible Soviet-Cuban intervention on the model of Angola and Ethiopia. The problem is complex. Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith has responded to black nationalist demands with what he calls an internal settlement, drawing moderate black leaders into his government and giving them shared power with the whites during a transition period. Smith and his supporters argue that they have granted the basic principle of eventual black rule. This "internal settlement," however, excludes the Patriotic Front guerrilla fighters based in neighboring Zambia and Mozambique and led by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, respectively. With the Patriotic Front already receiving Soviet supplies, U.S. officials fear that the war cannot be ended without a political agreement among all factions, and that growing Soviet-Cuban support of the guerrillas could prove disastrous. As of last week, the guerrilla leaders had not agreed to a meeting of involved parties, and Smith and his internal-settlement co-leaders were refusing, apparently in the belief that the Patriotic

Front would come in only on terms that guaranteed its own dominance of Rhodesia. Vance, not optimistic, told reporters he was determined to "go the last mile."

RUSSIA. The increasing Soviet involvement in Africa was high on Vance's agenda in two days of scheduled talks with the Soviets' veteran Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko. Of even greater significance was Vance's determination to try to reassert the value of détente and edge the long-stalled SALT conference a bit closer toward agreement. By now, six months after SALT I expired, both sides have agreed to a reduction of about 10% in the 2,400 strategic launchers permitted under the Vladivostok accord of 1974. There are still some highly sticky and technical details to be worked out for limiting the U.S. cruise missile and the Soviets' Backfire bomber. But if all goes well, there will be another meeting with Gromyko in New York in May, then more detailed negotiations by the technicians in Geneva and finally, just possibly, a summit conference between Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev before the end of the year.

Should all this happen—via the slow, patient maneuvering toward a high-level spectacular—it would be perfectly typical of Cy Vance's role as Secretary of State and of his relationship to Carter, a President who wants to determine and proclaim his own foreign policy. Vance, they both agreed from the start, was to be Carter's counselor and advocate, his loyal lieutenant. Vance came to office in the wake of a man who had almost redefined the position of Secretary of State—Henry Kissinger, student of Bismarck, self-styled gunslinger, secret envoy to China, Nobel prizewinner, wit and *bon vivant*. At his height, Kissinger personally embodied U.S. foreign policy. The wounded Nixon of 1973-74 and the somewhat innocent Ford of 1974-76 were both heavily dependent upon him. No successor was going to duplicate the Kissinger role, and Vance never wanted to. "Henry is a genius, no question about it," he once told a friend, "but I have my own strengths, my own way of doing things."

Kissinger returns Vance's praise, but not unreservedly. "I have extremely high regard for Vance," he says. "I like him enormously as a human being. He's done a very good job in conducting foreign policy. His strengths are his fairness, his sound judgment and his patience. If he has any weakness it's that he doesn't assert himself enough. There can be free debate within the Government, but there has to be one recognizable voice that speaks for American foreign policy."

That voice was supposed to be the voice of Jimmy Carter. But Carter, inexperienced and impetuous in foreign af-



The office day often starts at 6 a.m., the hours and tasks efficiently ordered with check lists



Before departure, Vance confers with Deputy Christopher and SALT Negotiator Paul Warnke



Aboard his 707, Vance prepares for takeoff with Ambassador Young and Grace Vance

Nation

fairs, subject to conflicting advice and distracted by domestic problems, has often vacillated and improvised. The consequence has been a series of foreign policy reverses. The problems of U.S. relations with the world have proved much more stubborn than Carter expected, and the need for a steady, if unspectacular negotiator with solid experience and sound judgment has, as a result, grown increasingly important.

This does not mean that Vance, an affluent Wall Street lawyer with long service in Democratic Administrations and close ties to the once dominant Eastern foreign policy establishment, disagrees in any basic way with Carter's goals in world affairs. Indeed, he takes considerable pride in help-

times stumbled by not availing himself of State Department expertise. The lesson has been a painful one for both Carter and Vance, but the President seems to have learned that while he must make the final decisions, he cannot be his own Secretary of State.

To be sure, there is still a strong competitive foreign policy voice seeking the President's ear in the more aggressive and imaginative Zbigniew Brzezinski, who operates just down the hall from Carter's office as head of the National Security Council. Yet the former Columbia professor, for all his purposefulness, respects Vance's role, and while the two certainly differ on just how tough the U.S. should be toward Russia (Vance advises the milder approach), Brzezinski has made no attempt to dominate Vance the way Kis-

over minor matters. He doesn't indulge in backbiting, and he won't tolerate adults with graduate degrees behaving like children fighting over a toy. Yet there is steel in Vance's chronically ailing back. (A ruptured disc has bothered him ever since 1966, forcing an operation in 1967 and requiring him to wear a body cast for a time. His back has grown less troublesome, although he eases it at times by relaxing in a rocking chair in his office.) Adds Mondale: "He'll fight on principle. But he doesn't run up the flag five times a day to show who's boss." A Vance aide concurs, declaring, "He fights like a son of a bitch. But when the decision is made, he'll say, 'The battle is over,' then go out and support it."

A skilled manager willing to delegate tasks, Vance demands that ideas and pol-



With Israeli Premier Begin in Washington



With Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko in Moscow



With China's Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing in Peking



With Egypt's President Sadat in Cairo

ing to shape them. Nor does it mean that he is without blame for some of the setbacks those policies have suffered.

What it does mean is that the selflessly professional Vance, after some hesitation, has gradually pushed the State Department back into its once prominent pre-Kissinger role in both planning and executing foreign policy.* This has occurred in part because while Carter is indeed more intensely interested in world affairs than his predecessor, Gerald Ford, he is certainly no more so than John Kennedy or Richard Nixon. And as Carter has rushed to confront many problems both at home and abroad, he has some-

singer humbled Secretary of State William Rogers.

Brzezinski explains that his responsibility is national security, that it is up to him to perceive the threats and probes to the U.S. and figure out how to react, repel or rebuff. Vance's job, says Brzezinski, is to resolve contentious issues through negotiation. Vance sees his role as somewhat broader than that of negotiator, however. Some of his associates believe he feels a professional kinship with the modest but highly effective and creative George C. Marshall, Harry Truman's postwar Secretary. Unlike Brzezinski, Vance is both so self-effacing and self-confident that he does not resent or fear bureaucratic competition.

"He's an old Government pro," says Vice President Walter Mondale. "I don't know of any member of the Cabinet who tries harder to avoid poisonous disputes

icy options bubble up from middle levels of the State Department bureaucracy. He adds ideas of his own, hones the arguments and choices from the perspective of his experience in Lyndon Johnson's Pentagon (in which he served as Deputy Secretary of Defense), always emphasizing practicality and erring, if at all, on the side of caution. Says Columbia History Professor Henry Graff: "Vance is a practitioner of turtle diplomacy." Graff defines this as the art of gradual but persistent pushing toward long-term goals. He adds: "Carter could learn a lot from him—and he has."

Vance forcefully advocates his department's well-researched positions at the forums in which policy is decided. He does not hesitate to press his views on Carter in their daily telephone calls and frequent meetings

*The State Department was once considered a steppingstone to the White House, and until 1947 the Secretary was second in succession to the presidency. Among notable holders of the office: Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and William Jennings Bryan.

A Circle of Six on Mahogany Row

In revitalizing the State Department's neglected bureaucracy, Cyrus Vance has delegated considerable authority to his top-ranking deputies. But he has also established around him a select circle of six, whose help he especially seeks, regardless of their official titles:



Marshall Shulman

Marshall Shulman, 62. Sporting an old-fashioned green eyeshade and cultivating the air of an absent-minded professor baffled by governmental bureaucracy, the longtime director of Columbia University's Russian Institute has become Vance's closest adviser and a key influence on Soviet-American policy. He and Vance often lunch on sandwiches in the Secretary's private hideaway office. At first only a part-time consultant who commuted between Washington and his Columbia professorship, Shulman was persuaded to join Vance full time after the Administration's initial overtures to the Soviet Union on SALT were abruptly rejected and detente was endangered. He has advocated a policy, favored by Vance, that emphasizes the cooperative as well as competitive nature of detente and stresses applying pressure through private diplomacy rather than public polemics. A World War II glider pilot, Shulman still likes to go gliding occasionally for relaxation.

Warren Christopher, 52. As meticulous, painstaking and self-effacing as his boss, the Deputy Secretary has been called "Vance's Vance." Also a lawyer, he has been the principal troubleshooter for the eastern Mediterranean region, recently concluding an agreement with Turkey by which the U.S. embargo on arms sales would be lifted in return for concessions by Turkey on Cyprus. He has also dealt with some even stickier problems: pushing the Panama Canal treaties, trying to convince Germany and Brazil that they should abandon a nuclear power plant deal and German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt that he should publicly accept the neutron bomb. The busy Christopher heads an inner-agency committee charged with reconciling the Administration's human rights campaign with other policies. And when Vance is traveling, Christopher runs the department. "He's brighter than hell, a very important asset to Cy in holding the department together," declares Vice President Walter Mondale.

Leslie H. Gelb, 41. As director of the department's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, the articulate Gelb has elevated that office from its near-

dormant status under Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. His main influence has been on arms control policy, where he works well with SALT Negotiator Paul Warnke. The two were close associates in the Defense Department in the late 1960s. A co-author of segments of the celebrated Pentagon papers, a onetime strategic affairs specialist at the Brookings Institution and a former diplomatic correspondent for the New York Times, Gelb is distrusted by hawkish opponents of the Administration's SALT policy.



Leslie Gelb

W. Anthony Lake, 39. Once a Kissinger protégé at the National Security Council, Lake quit the NSC over the Nixon Administration's decision to invade Cambodia and was later wiretapped at Kissinger's suggestion. Now he is director of policy planning and most closely involved with formulating U.S. policy on Africa. Before his appointment by Carter, he wrote *The "Tar Baby" Option*, a book cautioning against American involvement in Africa on the side of white minority governments—a warning being heeded by the Carter Administration. Lake is responsible for offering long-term policy options to Vance, and he periodically writes the Secretary's speeches.



W. Anthony Lake



Matthew Nimetz

Matthew Nimetz, 38. Drawn from Vance's New York law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, Nimetz is the State Department counselor and a general troubleshooter for his boss. He has handled such special and sensitive missions as arranging the return of the Hungarian crown, dealing with Micronesian demands for self-rule, seeking a settlement on Cyprus and coordinating the Belgrade conference on human rights for the State Department. A Rhodes scholar and whiz kid member of the White House staff under Lyndon Johnson while in his 20s, Nimetz has been tapped by Vance for the difficult job of coordinating the State Department's campaign to sell any proposed SALT agreement to Congress and the country.

Peter Tarnoff, 41. The only career foreign service officer in the inner cadre, Tarnoff is the Secretary's executive assistant. That means he is Vance's gatekeeper and anti-traffic cop, making certain that subordinates go through channels to catch the boss's attention and that, in turn, Vance's instructions are carried out by the bureaucracy. He has traveled frequently with Vance, including missions to the Middle East, Europe and China. But his most valuable service may be to serve as the Secretary's sounding board and trusted ear when Vance puts his feet up at the end of a difficult day, sips a Scotch and unwinds.



Peter Tarnoff



Warren Christopher



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when both are in Washington. He is especially vocal at the weekly Friday-morning foreign policy breakfasts attended by the President, Mondale, Brzezinski and Presidential Assistant Hamilton Jordan. It may be that Vance, who is renowned in Government for "leaving no footprints," relishes the fact that no one takes notes at the breakfasts. "It's the only federal forum I've known to be leakless," reports Mondale wryly.

The early Carter impulsiveness ran counter to advice Vance had laid down in the pre-election period. He had warned against moving too quickly on too many issues.

Yet Carter was not long in office before he began publicly scolding the Soviet Union for its harassment of political dissidents. Dispatched on a mission to Moscow by the President and told to carry out "open" diplomacy, Vance found himself uncharacteristically briefing reporters on what the new Administration was demanding of the Kremlin in the way of a SALT II agreement: the Russians should either agree to a drastic reduction in strategic weapons or defer such problems as the Soviet Backfire bomber and U.S. Cruise missile and accept a simple continuation of the modest limitations on offensive weapons tentatively set by Brezhnev and Ford at Vladivostok in 1974. Brezhnev, stung by both the human rights campaign and what sounded like an arms ultimatum, coldly rejected the proposals and in March of last year scolded a red-faced Vance in Moscow.

Vance knows now, and perhaps he should have known then, that he should have more forcefully resisted the posing of such a sharp challenge to the Soviet Union. But Vance, says one of his aides, has a tendency—both a strength and a weakness at times—to be "sometimes more like a soldier than a lawyer; he takes his orders and marches off."

Vance returned from Moscow and successfully urged Carter to moderate his human rights approach. It should by no means be abandoned, he advised, but it should be conducted less stridently. It should be applied to other countries outside Eastern Europe, and it should be pushed through private diplomatic channels whenever that approach looked more promising. Above all, it must be squared with overriding U.S. security interests. Vance persuaded Marshall Shulman, Columbia Sovietologist, to switch from a part-time consulting job at the State Department to a full-time post as the Secretary's adviser on Soviet affairs. Not coincidentally, the medium-soft-line Shulman serves as a kind of academic counterweight to the NSC's Brzezinski.

Carter appreciated these moves, and Vance's influence with him grew steadily. The President, however, still vacillates between the Vance and Brzezinski approaches to the Russians. Increasingly,

Vance tends to prevail on the practical tactics to be taken in pursuing agreed-upon foreign policy goals.

The Secretary, for example, rejected advice from his department's top Africa experts that the U.S. take a compromise position between Kissinger's reluctance to pressure South Africa to abandon its apartheid policy and Carter's desire to place America openly on the side of black majority rule. Vance fully agreed with Carter. But when the President wanted to dispatch Mondale to jawbone South African Prime Minister John Vorster in what Carter called "the lion's den" in Pretoria, Vance objected. Mondale should be given the benefit of at least meeting Vorster on neutral ground, Vance argued, and the meeting was held in Vienna.

ably been at its best in the Administration's policy on the Middle East—certainly the most intractable situation the U.S. is trying to influence. There, Vance's personal characteristics neatly fit the nation's role. Subdued, relatively inconspicuous, evenhanded, persistent, Vance symbolizes the U.S. as the patient mediator working to get the contending principals together. The issue has taken more of Vance's time than any other; he has visited the Middle East five times since taking office. Vance's gentle probing of the contending parties' feelings apparently helped inspire Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's "sacred mission" to Jerusalem. And although Israeli Premier Menachem Begin once lashed out publicly at Vance for saying that Sinai settlements "should not exist," the



Testifying before Senate committee with Negotiators Ellsworth Bunker and Sol Linowitz

Sometimes he is a poor salesman for policies that sorely need selling.

Vance has the highest regard for what he considers United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young's "excellent instincts" on Africa. But when the loquacious former Georgia Congressman accused various foreign white leaders of racism, Vance summoned Young to his office and scolded him for not tempering his language.

More recently, Vance privately displayed some uncustomary anger in the neutron bomb flap. He "went through five roofs,"

reports an aide, when other advisers pressured Carter to counter a partly inaccurate New York Times report that the President had decided against production of the weapon by immediately announcing that he had resolved only to postpone production. Vance argued for a week's delay in which to brief affected NATO allies. He was given only a few days, but it was time enough to get out advance word and limit the diplomatic damage.

The steady Vance hand has prob-

ably been at its best in the Administration's policy on the Middle East—certainly the most intractable situation the U.S. is trying to influence. There, Vance's personal characteristics neatly fit the nation's role. Subdued, relatively inconspicuous, evenhanded, persistent, Vance symbolizes the U.S. as the patient mediator working to get the contending principals together. The issue has taken more of Vance's time than any other; he has visited the Middle East five times since taking office. Vance's gentle probing of the contending parties' feelings apparently helped inspire Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's "sacred mission" to Jerusalem. And although Israeli Premier Menachem Begin once lashed out publicly at Vance for saying that Sinai settlements "should not exist," the

self-assured Vance, certain that he was right and was stating official U.S. policy, took no personal offense. It is the widespread perception of Vance as a gray and bland figure that most worries his colleagues and, increasingly, Vance himself. Although he is effective in head-to-head private negotiations, he is a plodding public speaker and a poor salesman for policies that sorely need selling. Since the President too lacks a flair for inspirational rhetoric or the graceful articulation of American foreign policy concepts, the Administration has not been projecting a coherent foreign policy to the world—or to Americans, either.

"He's very suspicious of conceptualizing as a device," says one of Vance's State Department colleagues, in reference to a general complaint that Vance has no grand design for a future world order. "He thinks it tends to distort reality." Explains another associate: "He is so controlled, he is right out of a Louis Auchincloss novel. I keep wondering where he goes

Nation

to do his primal scream."

Vance's natural caution has undoubtedly contributed to his durability. Unlike a number of recent Secretaries of State, he has never published a single book and has rarely written articles on foreign affairs, outside of official speeches and reports. And although he was the top deputy to Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and strongly endorsed President Johnson's escalation of the U.S. troop commitment to Viet Nam, he has received remarkably little personal criticism for that role.

But if his record makes Vance a shadowy target for critics, his image is clearly etched for his professional associates in Foggy Bottom. He is their hero. He has given veteran State Department officials a revitalized feeling of usefulness, and they like his systematic, orderly approach to decisions. Says Matthew Nimetz, the Department counselor and a former law partner of Vance's: "He is the most efficient user of time I've ever known." Observes Hamilton Jordan: "He runs the State Department as well as it can be run."

Vance's trademark tool for efficiency is his check lists, usually scrawled on yellow legal paper. He confronts almost



Cy in more carefree days

Growing into a "Spider."

every meeting with a list of key questions, topics, problems, all in tight logical sequence. Andy Young recalls occasions when Vance has reached him at a party. "I'll pick up the phone and Cy will say, 'Andy, just a couple of points.' And, man, there they'll come—tick, tick, tick: one, two, three." Aides tell of meetings that Vance holds with CIA Director Stansfield Turner, who has a similar habit. "The two of them will check-list you into stupefaction," says one observer.

The orderly approach to his job begins for Vance shortly after 5 on weekday mornings, when he awakens in his family's rented two-story brick colonial home in Northwest Washington. He does exercises to strengthen his back, which once afflicted him so sorely that his wife Grace had to tie his shoes. An unimposing black Ford reaches the house in time to get him to his office on the State Department's seventh-floor "mahogany row" at 8 on some mornings, 7 at the latest. By the time Vance arrives, two of his special assistants have already spent an hour poring over diplomatic cables, newspaper clippings and study papers for the day's meetings. Vance reads their selection in half an hour.

Then the pace quickens. A CIA agent gives Vance a briefing at 7:30. At 7:40, he calls in Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher. Under Secretary for Political Affairs David Newsom. Director of Policy Planning Anthony Lake, and Secretariat

Director Peter Tarnoff for a ten-minute meeting to pinpoint the day's problems.

By 9 a.m. the housekeeping chores are over and the round of more substantive meetings begins. One day last week the first visitor was Ambassador to Saudi Arabia John West. Then Vance discussed arms-limitation issues with SALT Negotiator Paul Warnke; Leslie Gelb, director of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs. Legal Adviser Herb Hansell, and Nimetz. Next in order came Dutch Foreign Minister Christoph van der Klauw, CBS Correspondent Richard Hottelet, and a White House meeting on SALT between the President and Brzezinski. A 5 p.m. trip to Andrews Air Force Base to meet Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu concluded a typical business day. He manages to get home most evenings by 8.

After that kind of grind, Vance tries to evade the diplomatic cocktail circuit. He and Grace—she too is an intensely private person—turn down numerous invitations, preferring to spend their evenings at home. They may go to a movie together, but rarely watch television unless a news event demands attention.

Vance works a shorter day on Saturdays, when his wife and their basset hound, Natasha, often drop by his office in time to take him to a 4 p.m. mixed-doubles tennis date with the Robert McNamaras. A good player despite his back as a gangling youth nicknamed Spider, Vance captained the hockey team at Yale, class of '39. Vance usually wins. On Sundays the Vances occasionally attend Georgetown's St. Johns Episcopal Church. That routine has often been broken by Vance's frequent travel, a duty he dislikes, although he is beginning to sleep better aboard the department's aircraft. His demanding tasks have kept him away from his family, which includes four daughters and a son, far more than he would like. "Dad is basically shy and really a family person," says Daughter Amy. Yet he has been away so much, she says, that "Mom is what keeps the family together."

The travel and long days are one reason Vance sounds entirely serious about his determination to spend only one term as Secretary of State. Another may be that he was previously making some \$200,000 a year as a senior partner at the law firm of Simpson, Thacher, and Bartlett, specializing in civil litigation. And he may be ready to resume such additional former duties as a director of IBM, Pan Am, the New York Times, and as a trustee at the Rockefeller Foundation.

Vance then intends to do something quite out of character: he expects to publish his first and only book, his memoirs. His current trip may turn into a lively chapter. But whether Cyrus Vance's years as Jimmy Carter's Secretary of State add up to a success story is not yet known. The answer is in the making. ■



An evening at home with Wife Grace and basset hound Natasha

Not really antisocial, just very private people.



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'People Want to See Coonskins'

The Secretary talks candidly about some of his biggest problems, his strongest hopes



Before leaving Washington for Africa and the Soviet Union, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance sat down over breakfast with TIME Correspondents Strobe Talbot and Christopher Ogden to talk about himself and the Carter Administration's foreign policy. The two-hour interview in the antiques-filled James Madison Room atop the State Department Building ended when Vance had to rush off for a final pre-Moscow meeting with Soviet Ambassador

Anatoli Dobrynin. Excerpts:

His role as Carter's foreign policy formulator. I am very much at the center of the formulation of policy. Each President sets up [his] mechanisms. Some Presidents have turned this over almost totally to the Secretary of State. Other Presidents want to play a very active part in foreign policy. President Carter is closer to the second approach. He fairly regards the Secretary of State as the principal adviser on the development and certainly the implementation of policy. There has never been any major question in which he has not fully considered my views and given me all the access and time that were required. We have worked extremely closely together.

Vance's reputation for being excessively cautious. I realize that carries with it negative consequences, but the dangers of not being careful are much greater. I'm willing to take the negative consequences. I have seen too many serious things happen over the years when people spoke without being careful and then that changed the situation or it took a hell of a long time to get things back on the track again. [Saying too much] is much more dangerous, no question about it. Often I think I could have said things better. Being terribly cautious about how I phrase things sometimes [means] it has less impact than if I were more freewheeling. You have to balance the two, and I find it a little easier as I go along to be a little freer without being careless. I come to this from my training as a lawyer. You have to be damn careful. If you're loose with what you say, you may have lost the case. I am dealing with a lot of nations who are watching. Don't think they don't dissect every word. Every time you vary one word or one clause from the standard formulation, you get a rocket from each of the parties saying you've changed the position of the U.S.

On criticisms of the Carter foreign policy. The problem is that the problems we're dealing with are so immensely complex. Quick solutions are not possible. People expect immediate successes and when that doesn't happen, criticism is bound to follow. People have got to recognize that these are terribly difficult, long-term problems. You've got to give necessary time to work through them and not stick down a thermometer each week and say, What in hell have you done this week? This is true on Panama. I think we are going to get a Panama Canal treaty, but this has been a long, arduous process. You couldn't accelerate it. That takes time. The Middle East is another case. Although it may look like a stalemate at this point, really a great deal of progress has been made in the past year, and we will move forward SALT—again, a long, arduous process, a tough row to hoe. But bit by bit, we have chipped away at the problems.

Opinion is very, very fickle. What people want to see is coonskins on the wall, and they don't see enough coonskins on the wall at this point. Perhaps there has been failure on my part in not sufficiently articulating on some of these issues the objectives and progress we have made.

On Carter's competence. I believe the President really has the competence to manage foreign policy. We have made mistakes, obviously. When you balance the mistakes against the failure to be able to point to successes, that then underscores or accentuates [the criticism]. If we had and could line up against that a number of successes, I think you would see much less of the kind of carping you do at this time. They're saying, What is it on this side of the ledger sheet that is positive? I say let's see how it looks at the end of this year. I think it will look very different. Let's look at it at the end of next year, the end of the whole first term. It's too easy to jump in and draw conclusions on the basis of too short a time span.

[President Carter] has the right instincts. Obviously you have to learn as you go along. We have all been learning as we go along. The tendency of a great many people who are politicians is that the easy thing is to take the optimistic view, to put a positive gloss on what is going to happen. I find with things as complex as foreign policy that is a very dangerous thing to do. You are a lot better off if you have lower expectations. When it comes about, that is fine. But to create expectations unless you are damn sure something is going to happen is a very dangerous thing to do.

On a Carter-Brezhnev meeting. When the two men eventually sit down together, they will get along well. Both of them are strong men and have similar dreams and aspirations about the most fundamental issues. Both really have a deep conviction that somehow we've got to stop the arms race, that this is fundamental to the survival of the human race. Neither one wants to see the world faced with the specter of a nuclear confrontation. Both are practical men. They can sit down as practical men

ON BRZEZINSKI

I'm very fond of Zbig, and we share a common view on most issues. We have differences of view from time to time and that is quite clear, but that's as it should be...



across the table and deal practically with international political problems, with an understanding of the problems each faces within his own constituency. I just have a feeling the chemistry between the two will be good.

Relations with Moscow. There is certainly a sense of frustration at this point on both sides. The Soviets may find it difficult to understand some of the things we do. They don't like many of the things we stand for. The future is going to depend a lot on whether or not we can begin to make progress on areas of central importance. At the heart of this lies SALT. If we can eventually reach a SALT agreement, which I believe we can, that will begin to change the whole character of the relationship, put it on the right track again. A sound and verifiable SALT agreement is



ON BREZHNEV

Both [Brezhnev and Carter] are strong men and have similar dreams ... Both really have a deep conviction that somehow we've got to stop the arms race, that this is fundamental ...

essential if we are going to move into a new phase in our relationship

On negotiating with the Soviets. The Soviets are very tough negotiators. They strike a very hard bargain. They have very clearly in their minds what their self-interests are, and they will doggedly pursue those interests. Negotiating with the Soviet Union is a sometimes frustrating experience, but at the end of the road, when you reach an agreement, they stick to their bargains. In the past, where we've reached an agreement with them in which other parties are involved and one of their friends moved away from the bargain we had reached, I brought this to the attention of the Soviets and within hours, in the middle of the night, they corrected that situation, saying, our reputation is behind that agreement, this is unacceptable, and the situation is straightened out by the next morning.

The Soviets in Africa. I don't think they are deliberately trying to test the President. Their objective in Africa is to strengthen their position in a number of areas they believe to be of strategic importance, to strengthen their position in the Third World, where they see increasing power to lie. They want to have the greatest strength possible in relations with these countries. The U.S. is beginning to establish relations with the Africans where they believe we really do care about their future, that we want to work with them. That they can trust us is going to help us in the long run. This is one area where Andy [Young] deserves tremendous credit.

His relationship with Young. Andy has built a great deal of good will and confidence in the U.S. through his efforts in dealing with the African states. This is going to be very important to us in the future. [On Young's sanguine statements about the Cubans in Africa] I just don't agree with Andy on that. He knows it. We have a very good relationship. I have great respect for Andy. He and I differ from time to time, and I don't hesitate to tell him when I think he's wrong, just as he doesn't hesitate to tell me when he thinks I'm wrong. If necessary, I tell him I am going to have to publicly disagree with him, which I do. But his instincts are excellent.

On apartheid. Apartheid must be condemned and must disappear from the scene. It is just morally wrong. Because it is morally wrong, and because it does deprive the individual of his dignity and his rights, it cannot last. It can either change by peaceful means or it will change by nonpeaceful means. That is why my feeling is that this is a subject that has to be attacked, and attacked immediately, because I think there still is a chance to change it by peaceful means, but I think time is running out.

On the need for a Rhodesian settlement. If some sort of all-party solution is not found soon, the chance will probably have slipped away. The result will be a very sad and dangerous one. Unless some way can be found to bring the nationalist leaders in to working together, we are going to end up in civil

war and could end up with outside powers moving in to assist the parties involved and increasing the fighting and bloodshed. I am taking a hell of a chance on this [going to Africa] because if we don't, we are headed for a terribly serious situation. I think you've got to go the last mile. I want to go and talk about the consequences if we fail to get some common ground to permit free elections. Sure it's a risk, but it's a risk you've got to take. We are not tilting toward [Patriotic Front Leader Joshua] Nkomo. We've been saying, Don't load the dice in favor of anyone. We told that to the Patriotic Front, and we've told that to [Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Rev. Ndabaningi] Sithole. We told all of them: Let's go. Let's have free elections where everybody can compete and let the people decide at the ballot box.

On Zbigniew Brzezinski. I'm very fond of Zbig, and we share a common view on most issues. We have differences of view from time to time and that is quite clear, but that's as it should be. It's good for him [the President] to have differences of debate among us. A different perspective with respect to the Soviet Union is the biggest set of differences. I believe it is essential we try to find common ground [with the Soviets]. I believe as long as we maintain the necessary military might and strength at home we shouldn't be fearful of everything they do and automatically accept the thesis of the worst-case motivations. One has to be more pragmatic about it.

On Henry Kissinger. I knew that being the Secretary who followed Henry was going to lead to inevitable comparisons, and we are just very different people. It really doesn't bother me. I

ON CARTER

We have worked extremely closely together ... We have made mistakes, obviously [but he] has the right instincts. You have to learn as you go along. We have been learning ...



consult him very frequently ... a couple of times a month. Henry has been extremely helpful. Henry has never failed, when I asked for him to come by, to drop everything and do that.

On trying to do too much. One of the things I said at the very outset was that we should not attempt to do everything at once, should try not to proceed by flurry but to decide what were the most important things to be done. I have found that the ability to do that is less than I thought because of the increasing complexity of dealing with problems. Take the whole set of north-south issues. Those were often ignored before. Now they're being faced up to. They're incredibly complicated. They involve economic problems, social problems, growing nationalism. You have a growing feeling among Third World countries that by solidarity they're going to be able to accomplish their goals. That makes negotiations a hell of a lot more difficult.

On being Secretary. I have a great deal of fun. I really do like to make decisions. I like to dispose of problems. I just wish to hell I didn't have to travel as much as I do. It does take me away from dealing with a lot of things I don't have enough time for. The traveling really becomes quite burdensome.

On how long he wants to be Secretary. One term is all I can take

Nation

Last Test of a Battered Treaty

The Senate vote was in doubt; so was the Panamanian reaction

For once, the most zealous nationalists in Panama City and the most ardent American patriots in the Canal Zone could agree on something. "God, I wish it was over," people on both sides kept saying as they anxiously awaited this week's U.S. Senate vote on the second canal treaty. The first treaty, providing for the continuing American defense of the waterway, had been approved with only one vote to spare. The vote on the second pact, which would gradually transfer authority over the canal to Panama, promised to be just as unnervingly close. After all the months of expectations, a negative vote would embitter U.S.-Panama relations and perhaps lead to a serious confrontation in the vulnerable Canal Zone.

The snag that threatened to undo the tattered treaty was a reservation to the first pact that had slipped by supporters even though they had been on the alert for "killer amendments" that might make it unacceptable to Panama. Sponsored by Dennis DeConcini, 40, a freshman Democratic Senator from Arizona, the reservation would give the U.S. the right to send troops into Panama if the canal was ever closed, or even if there was any interference with its operations, like a strike.

The day before the first Senate vote, Carter met with DeConcini and tried to get him to modify the provision a bit. DeConcini would not budge, so the President, who needed all the votes he could get, gave in. With White House support, the reservation was approved by the Senate. On the face of it, the reservation did not seem to change significantly the original treaty and subsequent "understanding" between Carter and Panamanian Chief of Government Omar Torrijos that provided for the American defense of the canal if it was endangered. But by gratuitously spelling out the right of the U.S. to reintroduce troops into Panama for virtually any reason, DeConcini grievously offended Panamanian national pride. It was the issue of sovereignty that had prompted negotiations in the first place.

The Panamanian reaction was almost unanimously hostile. For the first time since Torrijos seized power in 1968, the nation's various factions were able to unite on an issue: they were all opposed to the reservation. Former Panamanian Foreign Minister Aquilino Boyd, who had negotiated the treaty with Henry Kissinger, denounced the reservation as "immoral because the strong once again are trying

to wield excessive power over the weak." Said a U.S. official in Panama: "Idi Amin couldn't live with this reservation and survive." Aware that his leadership could be at stake, Torrijos complained: "Listening to DeConcini, I ask myself the question: Have we by any chance lost a war? The U.S. didn't demand as much from Japan."

Torrijos badly needs the treaty to give a boost to Panama's economy. The pact would increase Panamanian canal revenues from \$2.3 million a year to as much as \$60 million if tolls are raised and traf-



DeConcini explaining his reservation in his Washington office. Complained Torrijos: "Have we by any chance lost a war?"

fic is sustained. But if forced to choose between economic malaise and national humiliation, Torrijos may have to abandon the treaty. Indeed, his country may give him no choice.

Despite the months of negotiations, the White House was surprised by Panama's building anger over the DeConcini reservation. On returning from an overseas tour, Treaty Co-Negotiator Sol Linowitz was astonished to find Carter and his assistants quite relaxed about the second treaty vote. Linowitz started raising, in his own word, "hell."

By the end of last week, Administration complacency was gone, and phones were ringing all over Capitol Hill. Said Senator Frank Church, one of the most vocal members of the Foreign Relations Committee: "We are at the razor's edge as far as the vote is concerned. We can't afford to lose anyone." Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, whose efforts have

done much to keep the treaty alive, recessed the Senate for a long weekend to let members cool down. Treaty supporters started fashioning still another provision that would take the sting out of the DeConcini reservation without losing his or anybody else's vote. The new reservation would make the point that the U.S., in its efforts to keep the canal open, could not intervene in the internal affairs of Panama or compromise Panamanian territorial integrity and political independence. "We are walking on eggshells," Byrd said. "Anything scares me at this point." But he was optimistic that "things will come out all right."

Would DeConcini go along? For a Senate newcomer who had been on the job only 15 months, he had proved disconcertingly persistent—"flint under pressure," noted Byrd admiringly. Many judge DeConcini to be an uninformed lightweight, but he certainly was not taking the treaty lightly. A onetime Tucson prosecutor, he prides himself on the bargaining skills he acquired in complicated real estate transactions. Last December he decided to visit the canal at his own expense with his wife, mother and brother. In his forthright manner, he asked Torrijos whether the U.S. would be able to intervene if the canal were threatened by a strike or a revolution. Torrijos was not reassuring, and DeConcini decided the treaty needed fixing. He tried to interest White House staffers in his reservation, but they assumed that they had enough votes and ignored him. When they discovered the votes might not be there, DeConcini was catapulted into his make-or-break position. "It was all a matter of chance," he says. "When it came down

that they didn't have the votes, they called me. I am where I am today by a natural progression of events." DeConcini vowed that he would resist any softening of his reservation.

His intransigence sparked other revolts. Liberals such as George McGovern and Pat Moynihan began grumbling that they might not be able to support the treaty because it was becoming too loaded against Panama. S.I. Hayakawa said he was upset about Carter's entire foreign policy and might change his vote. Edward Brooke was also talking about shifting to a no vote. White House and Senate leaders assembled a flash alert system to respond to each brushfire as it emerged. But could they all be damped in time to save the treaty? As the pact hung in the balance, it posed the serious question of whether the U.S. would be able to resolve equitably a nagging international problem with a small nation in a changing world.

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Sad and Sorry Chapter for the FBI

Three former top officials are indicted for illegal acts

In the early 1970s, U.S. campuses were boiling with protest against the Viet Nam War. Hundreds of thousands of demonstrators marched on Washington. The Weatherman organization and other extremist groups set off bombs in Madison, Wis., San Rafael, Calif., and New York City, causing the deaths of at least four people. It was a time of sad and sorry crisis for the country, and the FBI was under intense pressure from both the Nixon White House and the public to stop the violence. As is now known, the bureau used illegal wiretaps, burglaries and mail thefts in searching for evidence against the radicals. The overzealous effort netted few suspects and resulted in widespread fears that the FBI was out of control, that it had lost sight of its role in a free society.

Last week Attorney General Griffin Bell sought to end the debate over the FBI and close this tarnishing chapter in the bureau's history. In the process, he shook the pillars of the FBI as never before in its 70-year history by announcing the indictment of three former top officials for "conspiracy against rights of citizens." The three:

► L. Patrick Gray III, 61, a career naval officer who served as acting FBI director from May 1972 to April 1973, when he returned to his law practice in Groton, Conn., after withdrawing his name from nomination as J. Edgar Hoover's successor because of growing opposition in the Senate. The chief reason: Gray had destroyed evidence in the Watergate scandal.

► W. Mark Felt, 64, a 31-year FBI veteran and for more than a year the agency's No. 2 man. For a time, Felt was also a possible successor to Hoover. He retired in 1973.

► Edward S. Miller, 49, an agent for 24 years and the FBI's assistant director in charge of intelligence from 1971 until he retired in 1974.

The indictment, based partly on evidence that FBI officials had hidden for years, charges that the trio conspired to "oppress citizens of the United States who were relatives and acquaintances of Weatherman fugitives" by violating their constitutional protections against unreasonable searches and seizures. According to the indictment, Gray, Felt and Miller explicitly assigned the illegal actions on their own. Two years ago, Felt publicly acknowledged

authorizing two break-ins. But last week he called the indictment a "tragic mistake." All three defendants denied that they had done anything illegal or improper, but did not elaborate further. Indeed, only days before the indictment was announced, they turned down Justice Department offers to plead guilty to misdemeanor charges.

Bell has been uncomfortably mulling over the FBI cases ever since he took of-



Mark Felt

Edward Miller



Onetime acting FBI Director Patrick Gray near his Connecticut home. Unprecedented charges of "conspiring against rights of citizens."

fice and found out about the bureau's misdeeds. They were being investigated by Assistant Attorney General J. Stanley Pottinger, but he was making little progress because of a stubborn cover-up within the FBI. Pottinger had begun his probe in 1976 by recruiting a team of twelve FBI agents, which was later expanded to 24, all of whom were chosen on the basis of their known integrity and loyalty to the U.S. Government rather than to the FBI establishment.

In June 1976, one of the team members has disclosed to TIME, they swooped down on Washington's J. Edgar Hoover Building, "virtually with guns drawn," in hopes of seizing evidence before it could be hidden or destroyed. The raiding party took control of a number of rooms, and "we combed the place." Nonetheless, they came away empty-handed. By granting immunity to 53 FBI agents in exchange for information, Pottinger eventually built a case against members of the FBI's Squad 47, based in the bureau's New York office, which spearheaded the Weatherman investigation.

Bell reviewed this evidence last April and approved an indictment against the supervisor of Squad 47, John Kearney, 55, on five counts of illegal wiretapping, intercepting mail and conspiracy. That

action drew a storm of protest from the FBI's ranks. By Bell's estimate, letters ran 100 to 1 against his decision. Some agents took the unprecedented step of even picketing the FBI's New York headquarters. Morale sagged in FBI offices across the country.

The Attorney General promised further prosecutions. But, obviously reluctant to pursue the case further, he delayed on the chance that the judge in any Kearney trial would throw out the indictment. Instead, Kearney's lawyer, famed Washington Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams, went to court and demanded so much information from the FBI that the trial was repeatedly postponed.

In December, Bell decided to concentrate on tracking down the FBI decision makers who had ordered the illegal actions. When he announced the indictments of Gray, Felt and Miller, he dropped the charges against Kearney. According to Bell, his problem was that while trying to investigate the FBI, he also had to run it. Said he: "I have to consider what's good for the FBI."

Bell's strategy of prosecuting only high-level officials kicked up another storm: four of the Justice Department attorneys involved in the investigation resigned in protest. Said Stephen Horn, one of the four: "There

Nation



Former New York FBI Chief Wallace LaPrade
Swooping down "with guns drawn."

were a whole lot of agents stonewalling us. We could not investigate. Everybody knew it."

TIME has learned that the cover-up included not telling investigators immediately about documents stored for five years in a filing cabinet in the J. Edgar Hoover Building. Among them were memos from Mark Felt—dubbed "one-liners" by investigators—giving Edward Miller explicit orders for break-ins and other illegal activities. The cabinet, say FBI sources, was tucked away in a corner of a little-used public room of the building and only came to light when a low-level employee suggested that it was an eyesore and should be thrown out. But it was opened first—and lo, the much-sought-after evidence was inside. Justice Department officials find the FBI's story bizarre to the point of incredibility—one calls it a "fairy tale." The investigators believe that someone stashed the documents in the cabinet to hide them, that the "discovery" was actually a result of pressure from their probe and that whoever hid the documents apparently decided that they could no longer be safely withheld.

Bell ordered newly appointed FBI Director William Webster to investigate the hiding of the documents and take disciplinary action, ranging from reprimands to dismissals, against 63 agents who had carried out illegal acts under orders from Gray, Felt and Miller.

After Bell's announcement, many Americans raised questions about the propriety of striking so hard at high law-enforcement officials who were trying—however misguided—to do their job in a crisis situation. Similar reservations were raised when former CIA Director Richard Helms was charged with two misdemeanor counts for, in effect, lying to a Senate committee in denying that his agency had tried to stop Salvador Allende Gossens' 1970 election as President of Chile. Helms pleaded no con-

test but justified his actions on national security grounds.

Moreover, many FBI agents remain unhappy at the disciplinary measures faced by their colleagues. Some were particularly upset with Bell's treatment of J. Wallace LaPrade, 51, an assistant FBI director and head of the bureau's New York office. According to investigators, he was vulnerable to perjury charges for denying to a grand jury in January 1977 that the FBI had acted illegally in the Weatherman cases. Bell stripped LaPrade of his New York command and called on him to resign, but LaPrade refused, hired a lawyer and took his case to the public.

LaPrade charged that the FBI, with Carter's approval, is still conducting "warrantless investigations" similar to those of the early 1970s. Asked LaPrade: "Will another political power in Washington desire to prosecute today's actions five years from now?" LaPrade would not elaborate on his charges, but a Department of Justice spokesman indicated that he was referring to "warrantless investigations [that] are only directed against foreign intelligence or agents of foreign powers"—which is legal.

Meanwhile, the Society of Former Special Agents has begun collecting \$100 from each of its 7,200 members, all of them ex-FBI agents, to help pay defense costs in the court trials ahead. ■

Yes to Civiletti

Bell confronts his critics

The FBI was not the only major problem confronted by Griffin Bell last week: for seven weeks the Senate Judiciary Committee delayed acting on the confirmation of Benjamin Civiletti, 42, as Deputy Attorney General. Finally Bell came before the committee. "You may be aiming at me or the President," he drawled in a booming voice. But in any case, he said, the stalling has "hurt the Department of Justice, which is a valuable institution."

Bell was particularly peeved with Republican Chief Inquisitor Malcolm Wallop, 45. During 17 days of hearings, the freshman Senator and Wyoming rancher has asked Civiletti and five other witnesses hundreds of questions in a search for evidence of willful wrongdoing in the Administration's firing last January of Republican David Marston as U.S. Attorney for eastern Pennsylvania. Jimmy Carter ordered Marston's dismissal after a request by Pennsylvania Congressman Joshua Eilberg, who later turned out to be under investigation in a case involving financial irregularities in the construction of a Philadelphia hospital.

All along, Bell has insisted that if anyone was to be questioned about the Marston case, it was he. Bell agreed to appear before the committee on the understanding that members would

vote on the nomination soon afterward.

During three hours of testimony, Bell described the Marston affair as "the most about nothing I've ever heard." He roundly discounted Marston's skills as an investigator of political corruption in Pennsylvania and claimed that Marston had "practically destroyed the morale of [his] office." Indeed, said Bell, Marston has never tried a case. The real "moving force" in the probes was Alan Lieberman, a Marston subordinate and career Government lawyer who is still in charge of them. Bell described Marston as good at "calling press conferences" and remembered that when the U.S. Attorney's office was about to launch an investigation of police brutality in Philadelphia, he explicitly ordered Marston not to call a press conference about it. (Retorted Marston: "If he really believes what he is saying, I think he was derelict in not firing me sooner.")

The key question, Bell reminded the committee, was whether he or Carter knew that Eilberg was under investigation when they fired Marston. Said Bell: "I did not know it, and I'm satisfied the President did not know it. In fact, there was not an investigation on Nov. 5 when Eilberg called the President." The Attorney General maintained that the earliest date on which either he or Civiletti could have known of the Eilberg investigation was Dec. 19, when the Justice Department received testimony from an informant implicating Eilberg in the hospital scandal.

A subdued Wallop conceded that he questioned only Civiletti's administrative abilities, not his competence as a lawyer. So far as those abilities were concerned, said the Attorney General, "I have been impressed."

So, it seemed, were most of the committee members. At week's end they voted 10 to 2 to recommend that the Senate confirm Civiletti when it takes up his nomination this week. ■



Attorney General Bell before committee

"The most about nothing I've ever heard."



Wreckage of Letelier's car after 1976 bombing; inset: Suspect Michael Townley

Farm Bill Fizzle

The strikers go home to plow

As a gesture of respect, they had removed their red, white and blue caps emblazoned with the words AMERICAN AGRICULTURE. But the thousands of burly farmers, with strike buttons on their brightly colored windbreakers, were readily recognizable last week as they spilled into the Capitol Building with their wives to watch Congress vote on an emergency one-year farm bill to boost crop prices and increase farm loans. It was the climax of a protest begun in December by the farmers, who were caught in a painful squeeze between falling world prices for their crops and rising costs of production.

To attract attention to their plight, contingents of angry farmers went to Washington. They drove tractors up and down Pennsylvania Avenue. They set loose chickens and goats on Capitol Hill. They lobbied in the Capitol's halls, scaring a few censored Congressmen with their passionate pleas for federal aid. Finally, they got their bill to the floors of both congressional chambers.

In the Senate, where all members have some farm constituents, the bill passed, 49 to 41. The farmers in the galleries grinned and politely refrained from cheering. But two days later, they were grim-faced as their bill came up for action in the House, where members from cities and suburbs outnumber those from farm districts.

Many inflation-wary Representatives noted that the Congressional Budget Office estimated the bill would cost the Government \$5.3 billion and add \$100 to an average family's food bill for the year. Said Massachusetts Republican Silvio Conte: "We have heard from the farmers who have been camping in town. But we haven't heard from the consumers who don't have the luxury of taking three months off to lobby Congress." Besides, President Carter had promised to veto the bill as inflationary. Said Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas: "This is just a meaningless charade." The House voted down the bill, 268 to 150. One farmer filled the legislative chamber with a raucous "B-o-o-o." But most were silent.

After the defeat, the farmers marched wearily outside the Capitol and bunched—some 2,000 strong—down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. They pressed against the fence's spiked iron grillwork, dispiritedly chanting, "Carter is no farmer" and "We're gonna vote." Then the demonstration spluttered out, as has the strike for the most part. Nearly all U.S. farmers are concentrating now on plowing and planting, encouraged by the rise in some farm prices. Next morning the strikers began leaving the motels where they had slept three and four to a room. "What the hell," said Wheat Farmer Wilbur Burnside of eastern Washington, with back-to-the-land stoicism, "we tried."

Who Killed Señor Letelier?

One suspect is a mysterious American, whisked back from Chile

The elegant tranquility of Washington's Embassy Row was shattered one rainy morning in 1976 when a light blue Chevelle suddenly exploded in flames. The driver, Orlando Letelier, was killed instantly, both his legs blown off by the bomb. Dead too was his research colleague, Ronni Moffitt.

Letelier had been a trusted Cabinet member under Chile's Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens. After Allende was overthrown by a right-wing military coup in 1973, Letelier was jailed for 14 months, then allowed to go into exile in Washington. His fellow exiles immediately blamed his murder on the Chilean secret police, but for nearly two years federal investigations were able to produce neither suspects nor direct links to Chile.

The first break in the case came two months ago, when U.S. officials became suspicious of two men, supposedly Chileans named Williams and Romeral, who had visited Washington shortly before the murder. The Chilean government claimed to know nothing about them, but the Washington *Star* unearthed and published photos of the two. One of them, "Williams," was recognized by a former Marine guard at the U.S. embassy in Santiago, who had known him as Michael Vernon Townley.

Born in Iowa, Townley had gone to Chile at 15 with his parents and stayed on as an auto mechanic. To the American community there, the lanky, goateed expatriate hardly seemed a likely conspirator. "I never thought of him as a political type," said the Marine guard, Edward Cannell. "He was more like a hippie or a Peace Corps volunteer."

According to the FBI, however, Townley was deeply involved in Chilean politics. During the Allende years he worked for the right-wing *Parria y Libertad*

group, and after the 1973 coup headed by General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, joined the new regime's military police. Shortly before Letelier's death, Townley and a Chilean army officer, Armando Fernández, obtained visas under the names of Williams and Romeral and made three trips to the U.S.

Pinochet originally ridiculed any suggestion of Chilean military involvement in the killing. But the U.S. continued to demand that the two suspects be interrogated—and threatened cuts in U.S. aid. The general promised full cooperation and later forced the head of the military police, General Manuel Sepúlveda, to resign.

As soon as Townley's identity became known, U.S. District Attorney Eugene Propper flew to Santiago to negotiate his expulsion from Chile. "I am a supporter of the junta above everything else, and I have full confidence in Chilean justice," Townley protested. "What the U.S. is trying to do through me is carry out a political attack on the government of Chile." But while Townley's lawyers were still challenging the U.S. request, Chilean police hustled the American onto a northward-bound plane and told the FBI to take him away. The FBI agents had to depart in such a rush that they left their suitcases behind in a Santiago hotel. Last week Townley was arraigned in Maryland as a material witness and ordered held without bail until he could testify before a grand jury. At week's end the FBI also arrested two anti-Castro Cubans with bomb-making expertise on suspicion of conspiracy in the case.

"I don't have any doubt that Townley is a small piece of the puzzle," said Letelier's widow Isabel. He is a piece to which many other pieces may yet be fitted. ■

Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Jackie Onassis' Memory Fragments on Tape

Jackie Kennedy Onassis now believes she should never have asked Lyndon Johnson to rename Cape Canaveral for her slain husband, should not have recruited Author William Manchester to write the story of John Kennedy's assassination (*The Death of a President*), and should have moved out of the White House the day after his death.

These and other revealing reflections came through the mail just a few days ago to the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. The highly visible but publicly noncommunicative Jackie was interviewed in 1974 by Professor Joe B. Frantz of the University of Texas at Austin for the L.B.J. Library's oral history project. The transcripts were typed and duly sent off to Mrs. Onassis for her review and approval. The months went by. Then, without any fanfare, the edited manuscript showed up in Texas, the first of Jackie's tapes to be released.

This small breach in Jackie's protective façade may be a signal of things to come. In a few weeks it will be ten

years since Bobby Kennedy's death. In a few months it will be 15 years since Dallas. Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. has written a large book on Bobby, having been given the right to mine Bobby's archives by himself. After the book emerges in June, the tapes and papers will be opened to other scholars. This will signal another major step into the era of the recorded recollections of the people who make history. The perils of tape recording seem to plague almost everyone, but the rewards are worth it. Jackie and Professor Frantz, it turns out, produced a 35-minute gap when the machine failed. According to Professor Frantz, Jackie was undaunted and got down on her knees to fix it, then reanswered the questions.

While Schlesinger's book will detail distrust and hostility between L.B.J. and Bobby's partisans, Jackie tells another side of the story. "One thing Prime Minister Macmillan of England had said to Jack about President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon—that Eisenhower never let Nixon on the place—impressed Jack a lot. Every time there was a state dinner, he wanted the Vice President and Mrs. Johnson to come too.... Once we asked [Luci and Lynda] to a state dinner on their own while their parents were away... You know, young people at that time in their lives should be included in interesting things."

Had Kennedy ever talked about dropping Johnson from the 1964 ticket? "No, never," answered Jackie. She suggested that such stories annoyed her husband. "I don't think he had any intention of dropping Vice President Johnson." Kennedy was also annoyed with Texas Governor John Connally the night before the assassination, Jackie relates. "I remember asking [Jack] the night in Houston sort of what the trouble was... He said that John Connally wanted to show that he was independent and could run on his own and was making friends with a lot of—I think he might have said 'Republican fat cats'—and he wanted to show that he didn't need Lyndon Johnson."

On the tapes Jackie questions her actions during the days following the tragedy. "Now that I look back on it I think I should have gotten out the next—I didn't have any place to go... It's funny what you do in a state of shock. I remember going over to the Oval Office to ask [Johnson] to name the space center in Florida Cape Kennedy. Now that I think back on it that was so wrong, and if I'd known [Cape Canaveral] was the name from the time of Columbus, it would be the last thing that Jack would have wanted."

When Jackie talked about politics and how Jack won the nomination over Johnson in 1960, there was the wistful refrain of a candidate's neglected wife. "The way Jack got it was all those years he'd been going around the country—it was six years of our marriage, anyway, of every single moment of free time going out...."

Jackie picked up fragments along the way that fascinated her. The meeting with the Johnsons just after the nomination was one. "They came to stay with us in Hyannis. It's a rather small house we have there, and we wanted them to be comfortable so we gave them our bedroom. But we didn't want them to know it was our bedroom.... There was a lot of moving things out of closets so there'd be no trace of anybody's toothbrush anywhere. I remember that evening how impressed I was with Mrs. Johnson. She and my sister and I were sitting in one part of the room, and Jack and Johnson and some men were in the other part of the room. Mrs. Johnson had a little spiral pad, and when she'd hear a name mentioned she'd jot it down... Or sometimes if Mr. Johnson wanted her, he'd say, 'Bird, do you know so-and-so's number?' and she'd always have it down. Yet she would sit talking with us, looking so calm."

The fight over the Manchester book Jackie said was "the worst thing in my life... I've never read the book. I did my oral history with him in an evening and alone, and it's rather hard to stop when the floodgates open. I just talked about private things. Then the man went away, and I think he was very upset during the writing of the book... Now, in hindsight, it seems wrong to have ever done that book at that time."

Jackie did not vote in the 1964 election, and some of the Johnson people wondered then if it was a deliberate affront. Jackie's story is different. "People in my own family told me I should vote. I said, 'I'm not going to vote'.... You see, I'd never voted until I was married to Jack.... And I thought, 'I'm not going to vote for any [other person] because this vote would have been his.' They were all rather cross at me. Not cross, but they'd say, 'Now please, why don't you?' It will just make trouble." Bobby said I should vote, and I said, "I don't care what you say, I'm not going to vote."

Bit by bit such fragments emerge and are fitted to form a larger mosaic. Thanks to the tape recorder the new history will ring of the true human drama.



Jack and Jackie and Lady Bird and Lyndon in Hyannisport in 1960

"So there'd be no trace of anybody's toothbrush..."



Betty Ford at a Palm Springs luncheon

Betty's Ordeal

Again, remarkable courage

Two weeks ago Gerald Ford suddenly broke off a speaking tour in Rochester, N.Y., to take care of his wife Betty at their new \$600,000 home in Rancho Mirage, a city eleven miles from Palm Springs, Calif. She was tense and anxious, and needed his help. Soon afterward, Betty decided that she had "overmedicated" herself with a combination of painkillers drugs for arthritis and a pinched nerve in her neck.

Last week, two days after her 60th birthday, the former First Lady entered the U.S. Naval Hospital in Long Beach, Calif., for a two- to three-week stay, displaying the same remarkable courage that she showed when her right breast was removed because of cancer in 1974. Said she of her current problem: "It's an insidious thing, and I mean to rid myself of its damaging effects. There have been too many things that I have overcome to be forever burdened with this."

Betty Ford checked in alone at the hospital's alcohol and drug rehabilitation center. Reason: a day earlier, her husband had left for a series of college lectures in Alabama and golf with Pro Arnold Palmer and Football Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant. Thus, even at a time of family crisis, the Fords stuck to the pattern of their nearly 30 years in politics: despite concerns at home, he hits the road to build support for the G.O.P. Last month Ford spent nearly half his time traveling, speaking at seven G.O.P. fund-raising affairs, three business conventions and three college campuses. The Ford children have left home, though Susan, 20, lives near by in her own condominium.

Ford is concerned about Betty's plight, but election-year pressures make it difficult for him to stay in Palm Springs. As his 1976 running mate, Kansas Sen-

ator Robert Dole, says, "His old juices are starting to flow." When off the banquet and cap-and-gown circuits, Ford can most probably be found on the golf links. Among his partners are three millionaires: Rubber Magnate Leonard Firestone, Publishing Baron Walter Annenberg and Comedian Bob Hope. One benefit from his links dedication, Ford has lowered his handicap by three strokes, to a respectable 15.

Unwanted Donor

He's off Carter's guest list

Pudgy Supersalesman Edgar Gregory set out in 1971 to make a fortune. Flush with cash from the sale of his used-car agencies in Warrensburg and Joplin, Mo., the high school dropout bought a propane-gas dealership in Pensacola, Fla. Three years later he sold out for a net profit of over \$1 million. He then bought five small banks in Alabama, and by 1975 was operating ten motels in that state and in Florida and Mississippi. By the end of last year, Gregory, 40, was boasting about a personal fortune of \$11 million and corporate assets of close to \$75 million.

He and Wife Vonna Jo bought a \$300,000 home in the Pensacola suburb of Gulf Breeze, with a miniature merry-go-round for their six-year-old daughter. They cruised aboard a 45-ft. yacht, owned two Cadillacs and a Stutz Black Hawk, and threw splendid parties.

Gregory gave \$228,000 to charities, including the First Baptist Church in Pensacola and the Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children in Galveston, Texas, between 1974 and 1977. His First Bank of Macon County (Ala.) gave an unsecured \$31,200 loan to the Atlanta-based Institutional Development Corp., which aids disadvantaged youths and has the strong backing of First Lady Rosalynn Carter. The same bank lent \$32,400 to Robert Stapleton—husband of Jimmy Carter's sister Ruth—for the purchase of an evangelistic retreat in Denton, Texas.

Gregory had another passion: politics. By his own account, he and his wife gave a total of \$108,522.08 to political campaigns between 1974 and 1977. Among recipients: Governors George Wallace of Alabama and Reubin Askew of Florida. Gregory claimed that he and Vonna Jo gave some \$40,000 since 1974 to Jimmy Carter's campaign fund and to the Democratic Party, and he also credited himself with raising some \$250,000 elsewhere for the Democrats. Because of this feat he was made a member of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee's finance council.

All that political effort paid off for Gregory in numerous small attentions. Gregory drew Vice President Fritz Mondale to a \$500-a-plate fund raiser in Pensacola in September. Gregory boasts of hobnobbing with the Carters on ten occasions since the President's Inauguration, a

count partly substantiated by records in Washington. He twice attended soirees at the White House: one in March 1977 to honor British Prime Minister James Callaghan, and another in September to mark Carter's signing the Panama Canal treaties. Last June 23 he flew from Washington to a fund raiser in New York aboard Air Force One as a "personal friend to the President." Gregory made his twin-engined Beechcraft available to ferry Carter's mother, Miss Lillian, to a wedding in Fayetteville, N.C., in December. Trinkets from such encounters line Gregory's walls.

But last spring the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation issued cease and desist orders against Gregory's five banks, charging unsound practices. State bank examiners said the loan to Robert Stapleton was "substandard"; they initially wrote off the loan to Institutional Development Corp. as a "loss," but it was later repaid. Gregory's bank in Macon County closed in January. Another bank, in Wilcox County, Ala., closed in March. On Good Friday, Gregory and Vonna Jo were indicted on Alabama felony charges that they accepted deposits at a bank that was about to be closed.

Last week the whiff of shaky bank dealings—an uncomfortable reminder of the Bert Lance affair—caused dismay at the White House. Said Press Secretary Jody Powell: "What contacts Gregory had with the President have been in the relationship of a financial contributor." An aide to the First Lady made clear that she "does not consider Gregory a close friend." John White, Jimmy Carter's nominee as the Democratic National Committee chairman, declared that he "never heard of Gregory until TIME started asking about him." Immediately after, White phoned Gregory and took back an invitation to a D.N.C. finance council lunch that took place the next day in the White House State Dining Room.



Gregory and Carter at a reception last fall
Contributions and small attentions.



"Aetna, heal thyself."

In recent months, Aetna has been blunt in criticizing some expensive flaws in America's health care system.

Our bluntness has brought us, in return, equally blunt criticism of ourselves:

A hospital administrator from Illinois says that Aetna's *own*

insurance plans have encouraged overuse of hospitals — since we pay for some procedures only when the insured person is hospitalized, even though out-patient treatment might cost less. (He's right. Some plans do this. We need to work harder to change them.¹)

Several doctors asked how we could claim to “give consumers a stake in holding down costs” when we’re still selling health insurance that has little or no deductible.²

Another physician says that skyrocketing malpractice insurance premiums have forced him to increase the charges to his patients.³

Another accuses Aetna of “scapegoatism” and “kicking the dog,” and a hospital representative contends “you attack us.”⁴

To these last charges we plead “not guilty.” Our criticism is aimed at the *health care system* and not at doctors or hospitals — although all participants (including Aetna) must share some responsibility. Most worthwhile changes in society bring with them strong disagreements and public debate. Slowing the runaway costs of this system needs open discussion now. Aetna will keep focusing on the flaws we see. And we’ll keep welcoming — and responding to — the views of those who disagree with us most strongly.

Aetna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹In the last few years we've intensified our efforts to correct this imbalance. Aetna health insurance plans are covering more and more kinds of out-patient care. Examples: Post-hospital convalescent facilities (since 1969); free-standing ambulatory surgical centers (since 1973); pre-admission testing (experimentally since 1970 — now being extended nationally); and post-hospital home health care already available in many plans.

²This is also true. Although Aetna has been stressing the value of deductibles and co-insurance since the mid-1950s, the physicians' criticism is fair: we are still writing insurance plans that have no deductibles for hospital charges. The pressure to “give the customer what he wants” is a constant in business. Aetna, like most insurers, has given in to it too many times when it may not have been in society's long term interest.

³An increase, starting in the early 1970s, in the number and size of liability suits caught insurers by surprise, and drastically forced up premiums to cover legal costs, court awards and out-of-court settlements. Part of the solution, Aetna believes, is to reform an increasingly distorted tort law system. This is a subject as controversial and important as the health care system itself.

⁴In response to our earlier advertisements, several doctors

wrote along these lines: “Aetna, being a large company, can afford to take pages in national magazines and push its opinions. I, as a private practitioner of medicine, obviously cannot. This advertisement is a recognition of that point of view. But we don't think that any of us involved in the health care system can afford to overlook our own contribution to the problem. Each of us should give some criticism, take some action on it.”



LIFE & CASUALTY



Pro-SWAPO demonstration on main street of Windhoek; South African Army troops on patrol along Namibia's frontier with Angola

World

AFRICA

The Struggle for Namibia

"The grave of the chief is open, but so are the graves of his assassins"

When a heavy sea fog rests on its frightful desolation, a place better fitted to represent the infernal regions could scarcely be found... Death would be preferable to banishment to such a country.

So wrote a 19th century Swedish explorer about a land that threatens to become the scene of Africa's next bitter conflict: Namibia. With its 1,000-mile, surf-attacked Atlantic Ocean coastline and its seemingly endless expanses of desert, Namibia (also known as South West Africa) is startlingly beautiful—a virgin land the size of Texas and Louisiana, with a population of only 900,000. More important, it is one of the richest corners of Africa, possessing vast and largely untapped treasures of diamonds, copper, and other minerals. At Rossing, near the deep-water port of Walvis Bay, the world's largest uranium mine, one of at least five reported uranium strikes, went into full production this year.

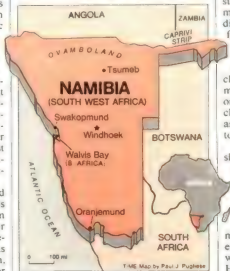
Halfway between a colonial past and an uncertain political future, Namibia is already a stricken land, threatened by an incipient civil war that has begun to tear it apart. Last week, even as the U.N. Security Council debated a proposal by its five Western members (the U.S., Britain, France, West Germany and Canada) for

a political solution to Namibia's problems, thousands of members of the territory's Herero tribe gathered to pay tribute to their fallen leader, Chief Clemens Kapuuo, who had been slain by his political enemies. He was no ordinary tribal elder but the head of a multiracial coalition, who might have become

the first President of an independent Namibia.

Even the funeral scene was marred by fighting. As Kapuuo's cortege passed through Katatura, a black township outside the modern territorial capital of Windhoek, a group of Ovambo tribesmen, the Hereros' traditional enemies, threw stones at the chief's followers. Enraged members of Kapuuo's home guard immediately retaliated with ancient British rifles in an attack that left five dead and eleven wounded. At the funeral, thousands of Herero women garbed in scarlet mourning dresses wailed and chanted under cloudy skies. Although most of the orators couched restraint, one warned pointedly: "The grave of the chief is open, but so are the graves of his assassins and the men who ordered them to commit this act."

A former schoolteacher, Kapuuo was shot to death in Windhoek late last month by two men who vanished without a trace. The Hereros believe that he was murdered by SWAPO (South West African People's Organization), the Marxist-oriented guerrilla movement whose political base is the 430,000-member Ovambo tribe. Namibia's largest ethnic group. (Second largest are the whites, with 100,000, followed by the Hereros with about 60,000.) Headed by





Herero women at the funeral of Chief Kapuuo



Mourners wailing over coffin of assassinated leader

bearded Militant Sam Nujoma. SWAPO has an estimated 4,000 guerrillas, most of them based in southern Angola, who have been carrying out an intermittent campaign of terror in northern Namibia since 1966. In consequence, South Africa, which has administered the former German territory under a League of Nations mandate since 1920, is obliged to keep 15,000 soldiers in Namibia and spend \$1.5 million a day to fight the guerrillas.

In 1975, under international pressure, South Africa agreed to begin to prepare Namibia for independence. At the same time, Pretoria placed its support behind a white-led coalition of black and white parties and tribal groups, including the Hereros. That coalition, now known as

the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance,* is headed by Dirk Mudge, 49, a rich white farmer who broke last year with the Namibian branch of South Africa's ruling National Party to join forces with moderate black and colored (mixed race) groups.

The problem is that SWAPO is too militant and too radical to suit the South Africans, who would like to preserve Namibia as a sort of buffer state to the north. On the other hand, the Turnhalle coalition is too closely aligned with South Africa to suit SWAPO and its backers, which include most nations of the Organization of African Unity as well as the Soviet Union.

In an effort to reach a compromise, the five Western powers have proposed a plan under which, following a ceasefire in the guerrilla war, U.N. peace-keeping forces would replace all but 1,500 of the South African troops in Namibia, after that U.N.-supervised elections would be held. Some critics—mostly in Johannesburg—have charged that the Western powers' plan would lead inevitably to a SWAPO takeover and turn Namibia into another Angola. For this reason, South Africa will probably oppose the plan. Most observers believe, however, that in a fair and free election the political power of SWAPO and that of the Turnhalle group would be almost evenly matched.

To its credit, the Turnhalle leadership has already had some success in moderating the views of the territory's whites, many of them of German descent. As soon as he took office late last year, the Pretoria-appointed administrator general Justice Marinus Steyn, began to enact a number of reforms, making equal pay mandatory for blacks and whites, removing the hated pass and immorality laws that still rule the lives of blacks in

After an old German meeting hall in Windhoek, where the talkabout Namibia's future took place.



Police sweeping cemetery for mines

A ceremony marred by stones and guns

South Africa, and ending a ban on political meetings. Mudge, a pilot who tirelessly flies his own plane around the territory, told an audience of grim in the mining town of Tsumeb: "I can't come to an understanding [the nonwhites], we might feel the election and guns. You can't fight and ammunition of things. I have in mutual in the end will."

Mud launch blacks a plan is the perity in a

information, ter to decide



SWAPO Leader Sam Nujoma

A warning: "Tomorrow we take over"



Freight train crossing desert sand along the magnificent Namibian coast between Swakopmund and Walvis Bay



German Lutheran Church and historic horseman monument overlooking modern Windhoek



Black Homesteader Cleophas Heigan and his family pose before windmills on their farm



Diamond-mining operation at Oranjemund: sorting the gems

A beautiful, virgin land, with vast treasures of uranium, copper, and other minerals



catchy anthem has been recorded promoting the theme "For us, for you, for a free land, for Namibia." The party has hired helicopters to carry Alliance organizers to areas where SWAPO influence is considered strong. There have been numerous mass rallies and free barbecues, offering both popular entertainment and crude propaganda warnings, frequently in poster form, about the consequences of a SWAPO victory.

Despite the coalition's well-financed campaign, SWAPO seems stronger than ever. "The more I have been doing," admits Justice Steyn, "the more the SWAPO line has hardened." Moreover, the quality of training—possibly by Angola-based Cubans—and of equipment has obviously improved. Whereas SWAPO guerrillas formerly carried only rifles and grenades, they now pack Communist-manufactured rockets, mortars and heavy machine guns. They still avoid direct clashes with the South African army, but lately they have been making some daring attacks. In the Caprivi Strip, three South African officers were killed in a rocket attack on their car.

Not surprisingly, Namibia's whites are beginning to show signs of fatigue and frustration. Revisiting the coastal resort city of Swakopmund last week, TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter found the mood greatly changed since last year. "We are getting frightened," admitted a German merchant. "SWAPO has already threatened a black magistrate as a 'black Boer,' and a black employee here has been told he is a marked man. Sometimes they come into my shop in groups of five or six and they look at things as if to say 'Tomorrow we take over.' I have put my business up for sale. If it doesn't sell, I will just pack up and leave." Others worry about SWAPO's assassination campaign. "What if Mudge is next?" asks one resident of the city. "Who is there to follow him?"

Although one SWAPO official vows that "the struggle will be intensified at all levels," other leaders of the organization insist that they still seek co-existence with the territory's whites, and are willing to let them stay in an independent Namibia on a nonprivileged basis. The most hopeful prospect for the territory is that both SWAPO and the Turnhalle group might be induced to take part in elections under the Western powers' plan. But apart from that, it seems unlikely that either of these inimical forces would find very much room in which to tolerate the other.

World

UNITED NATIONS

Defection of an Apparatchik

Differences with his government, and a deal for Washington

At the United Nations earlier this month, members of Soviet Diplomat Arkadi Shevchenko's staff were astonished when their ordinarily aloof, impersonal boss confided that he had a grievous family worry: his mother-in-law was so ill that he had to fly home to Moscow. Summoning security guards, Shevchenko ordered his private office sealed. Then the stooped, round-faced Under Secretary-General strolled out of U.N. headquarters in Manhattan and disappeared.

Last week a New York City attorney retained by Shevchenko announced that his client would not be returning to the U.S.S.R. because of "differences with his government." Shevchenko was by far the most important Soviet diplomat to have defected to the West, and the news caused consternation at the U.N., intense alarm in Moscow, and scarcely concealed elation in Washington. A protégé of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, and Moscow's top-ranking official on the U.N. staff, Shevchenko was privy to many of his country's secrets, including the inner workings of Kremlin foreign policy making. Moreover, as a disarmament specialist serving as Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim's principal assistant in the Department of Political and Security Council Affairs, he was familiar with Soviet positions on strategic arms. For example, Shevchenko had been instrumental in organizing next month's special U.N. session on disarmament, which, it was reported, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev planned to attend.

Stunned and unbelieving, Soviet officials at the U.S. requested a meeting with

Shevchenko, who was in hiding somewhere in New York State. The defecting diplomat's lawyer, Ernest Gross, a U.S. Assistant Secretary of State under Truman, arranged a meeting in his Manhattan law office. In a dramatic, hour-long confrontation with Soviet Ambassador to Washington Anatoli Dobrynin and Ambassador to the U.N. Oleg Troyanovsky, Shevchenko insisted that he would not return to his native land on an official visit, as Moscow had demanded. Following that meeting, the Soviets registered their first public reaction to the defection by claiming that Shevchenko was being held in the U.S. "under duress." Echoing a Tass dispatch from Moscow, the Soviet Mission to the U.N. issued a statement calling the defector a victim of "premeditated provocation" and of a "detestable frame-up" by American intelligence agents.

A U.S. State Department spokesman, Tom Reston, denied the charge. Shevchenko, he said, "is free to stay here, return to the U.S.S.R. or go to another country, as far as we are concerned. The U.S. Government in no way attempted to influence him in his decision." Meanwhile, Shevchenko was proving an embarrassment to Waldheim, since he had not resigned his \$76,032-a-year post, which is traditionally reserved for a Soviet diplomat.

The reasons behind Shevchenko's action appeared murky at first. Regarded by his U.N. colleagues as an arrogant, hard-line Communist apparatchik, Shevchenko clearly had not been moved by a sudden, overwhelming yearning for freedom. Moreover, the move seemingly cut short a brilliant career. First posted to the U.N. in 1963 as a counselor in the Soviet Mission, Shevchenko served in New York for seven years. The Ukrainian-born diplomat then returned to Moscow as an adviser to Foreign Minister Gromyko and reached ambassadorial rank at the unusually early age of 40. In 1973 he was sent back to the U.N. to fill the cushy Under Secretary's post.

Speaking through his lawyer, Shevchenko maintained that his summons home by Moscow was unacceptable and improper for an independent U.N. official like himself. Some U.N. aides scoffed at this explanation: whenever Shevchenko was late for a meeting, they would say it was because he had stopped off at the Soviet Mission 30 blocks away to get instructions. According to one theory, Shevchenko had been recalled to Moscow as a result of some behind-the-scenes power struggle in the Foreign Ministry that threatened to end his career. With his dreams of further advancement shattered, so the theory went, he defected in despair.



Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim

Enduring a temporary embarrassment

Soviet officials at the U.N., whose own careers will be compromised by Shevchenko's defection, hastened to offer other explanations. Second Secretary Yevgeni Lukyantsev of the Soviet Mission insisted that "Shevchenko had a drinking problem. It is quite possible that the FBI or the CIA caught him." One of Shevchenko's aides at the U.N., Vyacheslav Kuzmin, believed to be the KGB officer who was assigned to keep him under surveillance, asserted that "he is a sick man who must be sent back to Moscow so he can get the medical care he needs." Other U.N. officials speculated that Shevchenko had fallen in love with an American woman—a theory that gained credence when it was learned that his wife, Lengina, 48, had flown home two weeks ago, apparently after a violent quarrel with her husband. She took their teen-age daughter, Anna, with her and joined the couple's son, Gennadi, 25, an employee of the Soviet Foreign Ministry, in Moscow.

There was another reason for Shevchenko to defect. TIME has learned that for two years he has been secretly talking to U.S. intelligence officers. In recent weeks he has offered to explain which American agency—presumably either the CIA or the FBI—had been deluded by Soviet agents who fed them "disinformation" prepared by the KGB. According to one source, Shevchenko's price for this interesting secret is about \$100,000 a year. If the U.S. should reject his terms, Shevchenko has the alternative of giving similar information to five other nations whose secret services have been in touch with him. "He has put himself in an excellent bargaining position," said one American intelligence official. "We can hardly say that we're not interested in his information, but it's up to President Carter to decide whether to pay his price."



Arkadi Shevchenko at the U.N.

Seeking a better bargaining position.

World

DIPLOMACY

Bombing the Wrong Target

More fallout from the nondecision on the neutron weapon

The neutron warhead was designed to stop Soviet tanks, but so far the only damage caused by the weapon has been within NATO. Relations between the two most important of NATO's 15 members, the U.S. and West Germany, have plunged to their lowest point in the post-war era. To Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and other West German officials, Jimmy Carter's wavering earlier this month about whether to develop the weapon seemed to confirm their doubts about the President's ability to lead the alliance effectively. Although Schmidt was publicly muting the impact of the episode last week, Bonn officials continued to complain privately, as one put it, that the neutron imbroglio "makes Carter's leadership

last week summoned Schmidt to clarify the problems in U.S.-West German ties in a secret joint session. The Chancellor also had to take the Bundestag's rostrum to open a neutron bomb debate demanded by his conservative opposition.

Schmidt's Bundestag audience was so concerned over the deteriorating relations with Washington that he stoutly had to proclaim the obvious: "West German-U.S. relations are so deeply entrenched that they cannot be uprooted by occasional differences of opinion." Schmidt then made a significant concession to Carter, who has linked eventual development of the bomb partly to Bonn's willingness to deploy it on West German soil. For the first time, the Chancellor openly backed

been severely troubled even before the neutron bomb issue. For one thing, Schmidt had difficulty concealing his distaste for what he regards as Carter's messianic approach to foreign policy. For another, Bonn resents the lecturing by Washington that the German economy should expand faster in order to aid the West's economic revival. Schmidt is concerned that accelerated expansion would kick up his country's inflation rate, now an enviably low 3.1%. Bonn is also displeased with Carter's do-little attitude toward the plummeting dollar.

With all these grievances against Washington simmering, U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown found himself in the uncomfortable position of arriving in Bonn last week on a long-planned visit. There he faced the task of following a Carter decision that he himself had opposed; it was no secret that he favored developing the neutron weapon.

Brown especially feared that the neutron flap would get in the way of the original purpose of his visit. That was principally to explore ways to bolster NATO's antitank capability and to press Bonn to agree to pay about one-quarter of the \$2.16 billion it will cost NATO to buy 18 U.S.-developed AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System) planes. Brown and Schmidt got along reasonably well. The notoriously acerbic Chancellor did not tongue-lash his guest, and discussion about the neutron bomb was kept short. Noted a senior U.S. official after the meeting: "Schmidt wants to be on good terms with the President. How that gets worked out, we'll have to wait and see. Everyone wants the planned NATO summit in May and the economic summit in July to be big successes."

As for the bomb, observed the U.S. official, "we don't have to decide its future this week. We will have to see what the Soviets do. That will influence, though not determine, what we do." The U.S. will be watching for signs that the Kremlin has decided to limit deployment of the new SS-20 missile, which can hit targets in Western Europe, and the Soviets' willingness to pull back some of the 16,000 tanks they have in the Warsaw Pact countries.

The Russians, however, are not buying any such trade-off. Leonid Brezhnev last week ridiculed the concept of linking a U.S. decision on the neutron bomb to the status of any Soviet weapons systems. *Pravda* scoffed that "the attempt to pressure the U.S.S.R. has never brought success and never will." Brown, for his part, has emphasized that the U.S. is pushing ahead with modernization of the missiles and artillery that eventually could fire a neutron warhead. Moreover, improvements are also being made on the 7,000 "conventional" tactical nuclear weapons already based in Europe. These, ironically, are bigger and more destructive, to both lives and property, than the much maligned neutron weapon. ■



Such good friends: Pentagon Chief Brown visiting Chancellor Schmidt in Bonn

More carping at Carter, but also criticism about a lack of "courage" at home.

even more questionable."

As it happened, questions were also being raised about Schmidt's handling of the matter. The flap erupted when it seemed that Carter was going to cancel production of the neutron weapon because, among other things, it had received no public support from the West German government. In the face of a scare campaign against the "inhuman" warhead that was skillfully fanned by Moscow, Schmidt apparently would not risk backing the weapon openly, although he did so privately. While the President eventually made no decision—he neither authorized the weapon's development nor definitively dropped it—the episode triggered a political flurry in Bonn. The Bundestag's Foreign Affairs and Defense committees

the new weapon and stated that it could be based in his country if it would "be a decision of the [NATO] alliance as a whole" and if it would "not be stationed in West Germany alone."

Christian Democrat Helmut Kohl, leader of the opposition, scowled that Schmidt's gesture was "too late." The Chancellor, he said, should have had the "courage" to back the bomb when Carter needed such support. "Your silence was irresponsible. You are responsible for the strains in West German-U.S. relations." A top official of Schmidt's government privately agreed, in part, admitting: "We could have done more to help Carter on the bomb issue. But for purely domestic [political] reasons we were afraid."

U.S.-West German relations had



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World

MIDDLE EAST

A Cautious Withdrawal Begins

As refugees come home, the Israelis yield positions to U.N. forces

Kilometer by kilometer, village by village, Israeli soldiers last week began turning over their positions to Norwegian, Nepalese and Iranian contingents of the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (UNIFIL). The Israelis were moving slowly, however, obviously determined to see whether the U.N. forces would hold their positions under fire and whether Palestinian commandos would rush back into the area. Meanwhile, the Lebanese government began to send convoys of refugees back to the villages from which an estimated 265,000 people had fled during last month's Israeli invasion.

Of the 4,000 U.N. troops expected to join the force in Lebanon, about half were in place last week. Their ambitious mission is to restore "peace and security and ensure the return of the effective authority in the area to the government of Lebanon." The aim, in other words, is to give the Lebanese government of President Elias Sarkis a chance to build up its own army, which has only 3,000 men today v. 17,000 before Lebanon's civil war broke out three years ago. If U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim has his way, UNIFIL will gradually be disbanded, and a rebuilt Lebanese army will re-establish Beirut's sovereignty over the area south of the Litani River, where pro-Israeli Christian villagers have long been at odds with Palestinians in neighboring camps.

UNIFIL already faces plenty of problems. It has no overall commander in Lebanon, so major decisions must be referred to the Jerusalem headquarters of Major General Emmanuel Erskine, a Ghanaian. So far, the backbone of the U.N. force is composed of 627 French paratroopers based in Tyre and 690 Norwegians stationed in the eastern sector of the ceasefire line. The French are tough soldiers, the Norwegians well trained and professional. But neither unit is familiar with the Arab world or has had much fighting experience. "The only combat most of them have seen," remarks one Western military observer, "is in the movies."

The U.N. troops' orders are to shoot if shot at, but they do not always do so. The Norwegians aroused Israeli suspicions by abandoning at least one village to the Palestine Liberation Organization after being fired on by P.L.O. mortars. "The situation is tense," explained a Norwegian officer. "We are not going to make it any worse." The anomalous nature of the U.N. role is pointed up by the fact that, for patrol missions, the French have brought in eleven armored personnel carriers loaded with mortar launchers—not so much for fighting as for intimidating any combatants who happen to be in the area.

Luckily, Palestinian commandos have not sought serious trouble with U.N. forces.

Rather they, like the Israelis, have been watching carefully to see what the other side would do next. Abu Jihad, the P.L.O. commander in the south, visited one location last week within sight of Israeli tanks. "So far as we can see," he said, "the Israelis have not moved one inch."

Most Israeli officers remain skeptical about UNIFIL's ability to perform its mission. "If the Palestinians are clever," a top Israeli official told TIME Correspondent David Halevy, "they will move back into the southern area but hold their fire for two to three months. After that, they could use the area as their primary base for terrorist operations against Israel. And we will be stuck with an international force in southern Lebanon that will limit our freedom of operation there."

Officially, the Israeli government defends the wisdom of its invasion of southern Lebanon. Premier Menachem Begin called the operation "a big political success" and declared that UNIFIL will become "a buffer force between Israel and the terrorists, and will force the terrorists to restrict their operations." Some of his colleagues disagree. At last week's Cabinet meeting, several ministers asked angry questions about Israel's use of American-made cluster bombs in Lebanon in violation of a 1976 commitment to the U.S. that the weapons would be used only against armies in the event of full-scale war. Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, whose political position has been weakened by his handling of the operation, replied lamely: "I gave the air force orders to use the bombs. But you have to believe me that I was not aware of the agreement [with Washington]. The Chief of Staff [Mordechai Gur] forgot to inform me of it." That state-

ment was greeted with a pregnant silence.

Partly because of Washington's displeasure over Begin's rigidity during the recent peace negotiations, there are signs that Jerusalem may be moving toward a more flexible position. Six weeks ago, Begin shocked the Carter Administration by declaring that U.N. Resolution 242—which, among other things, calls for Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories—did not apply to the West Bank. At week's end Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan announced that his government now "regards 242 as the only basis for negotiations" leading to a peace treaty with its neighbors, including Jordan. The Israelis were clearly implying that a subtle change in policy had taken place, but U.S. officials were not convinced that the new formulation was sufficiently different to get the peace negotiations going again.



Lebanese refugees prepare to return home



Israelis atop armored personnel carriers (left) shaking hands with Norwegian soldiers of UNIFIL. Well trained and professional, but also unfamiliar with the Arab world.

World

PHILIPPINES

Marcos Wins His Election Battle

But his opposition scores some points too

Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos should have been pleased. In an election for 165 seats in the interim National Assembly—the first such vote since 1972, when Marcos imposed martial law and rule by decree—his New Society Movement had made what the President himself called “a clean sweep.” In Manila, where the election had turned into an emotionally charged referendum on martial law itself, Marcos’ stalwarts took all 21 seats over the energetic opposition Laban Party. Marcos’ wife Imelda was the biggest vote getter, but even the last-place Marcos partisan ran 300,000 votes better than Laban Leader Benigno Aquino Jr., an archfoe of Marcos, who had to campaign from the military detention center where he has been held on charges of murder and subversion since the day martial law was declared.

Still, Marcos was unhappy, not so much over the returns but because of events surrounding them. Laban followers protested noisily about election fraud, while many others were angry over the government’s claims of total victory. At a Malacañang Palace press conference with visiting foreign journalists last week, he accused reporters of egging on the Labanites. He has also charged unnamed Western organizations and the CIA with “meddling” in the 45-day campaign. Marcos even blamed himself for having relaxed martial law and restrained his police. Affecting a kind of no-more-Mr.-Nice-Guy grimace, he said: “I should be more prudent and cautious in dismantling the forces that enforce the law.”

That unmistakable presidential warning of crackdown worked a dramatic

mood change on Manila. A week earlier the capital had been alive with pre-election exhilaration as crowds gathered openly for the first time in nearly six years to hear opposition candidates blast Ferdinand and Imelda for everything from trampling civil rights to amassing private fortunes. Last week the only comments about the presidential couple were paeans from Manila’s tame press.

The opposition, however, charged that ballot-box rigging rather than hard campaigning was responsible for the Marcos sweep. Laban poll watchers had been harassed in many cases on voting day itself; in monitoring a suspiciously slow canvass of the returns, which at week’s end was less than half finished, Laban claimed such irregularities as completely fictitious tally sheets. Even many people who were not Laban activists were disturbed. One group of 17 Jesuit priests petitioned the Philippine Conference of Catholic Bishops to conduct an investigation, saying there were mounting indications that a “deliberate, systematic and therefore widespread dishonesty has occurred.”

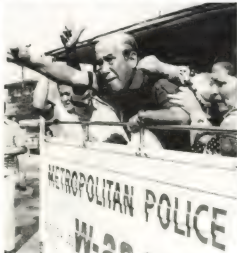
Laban backers took to the streets to protest the results. In one demonstration on Manila’s busy España Boulevard, 600 of them followed two coffins representing Philippine democracy and freedom. After a silent walk of half an hour, 560 were arrested and carted to jail. Most were later released, but eight leaders, including venerable former Senator Lorenzo Tanada, 79, one of the country’s most respected politicians, were charged with sedition.

Undismayed, the opposition scheduled another “noise barrage” at week’s

end, similar to an election-eve demonstration, in which people were to honk horns, shoot off fireworks and make other noises to indicate support for Laban and Aquino. Seeking the sponsors of the demonstration, police carried out a series of raids on religious institutions, including a seminary, two convents and a study house at Jesuit Ateneo University. To scare people away from the demonstration, Marcos announced that he was “lifting the policy of restraint” and authorizing arrests. The scare tactics worked: the demonstration fizzled. Said one observer: “Marcos calculated correctly. People were ready to demonstrate during the campaign when martial law was suspended, but now it’s not important enough to risk going to jail.”

Marcos, meanwhile, spent a good part of the week orchestrating a campaign to tarnish Laban’s image, going so far as to charge that the party, which included some of the Philippines’ most respected political figures, was “under the control of subversives.” Four of the unsuccessful Laban candidates decided to go underground for safety, among them Activist Lawyer Charito Planas, the most outspoken Marcos opponent during the campaign. Her house was raided last week by police, who said they found an illegal rifle, 17 rounds of ammunition and “subversive materials.” Planas’ supporters insisted that the evidence had been rigged.

The election could conceivably produce at least one reaction that Marcos had not counted on. His government is currently negotiating for a substantial increase in compensation for American military bases in the Philippines. By allowing the vote, Marcos sought to prove to Congress, which must ratify the agreements, that charges of human rights violations against his regime were exaggerated. On the evidence so far, the election and its aftermath seemed to indicate just the opposite.



Lorenzo Tanada gesticulating after his arrest



President Marcos asserting the honesty of the vote at press conference

As the returns began rolling in, out came the police and that no-more-mister-nice-guy grimace.



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World



Healey and wife on way to House of Commons to present new budget

BRITAIN

Spring Sunshine

Labor's one-beer tax cut

Before going to the House of Commons to deliver his 13th budget message last week, Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, strolling in London's St. James's Park, stopped to pat an April snowman on the head. "I think I shall produce a little sunshine to brighten up the spring of our recovery," he declared. "It's a bit cold, but summer is on the way."

Next day it became clear that Healey's budget had not produced as much sunshine as Britons would like. The St. James's snow had melted all right, but the stock market plummeted, the recently resuscitated pound slipped again and the Liberals began to mutter threats of ending their pact with the Labor Party unless Healey came up with some bigger tax cuts. Reflecting the general mood of Britons, Conservative M.P. William Clark scowled: "The budget is a damp squib."

The budget, Labor's first serious salvo in a campaign for the election that Prime Minister James Callaghan may call as early as this fall, was supposed to offer something for everybody—as indeed it very nearly did. The beetle-browed Healey, who once urged that the government raise taxes on wealthier Britons "until the pips squeak," was all smiles and charity this time. "I do not call for any sacrifices," he said. Indeed, the budget increased old-age pensions, froze the price of school lunches and ordered free milk for kids aged seven to eleven. That was a tweak at Tory Leader Margaret Thatcher, who had ended free milk when she was Minister of Education, earning her the sobriquet "Thatcher the Milk Snatcher."

More important, Healey also raised the thresholds of taxable income, liber-

ating some 360,000 families at the poverty level from taxes altogether and softening the bite on low and middle income citizens—though only slightly. The average British family man, who earns \$7,410 a year and gives up fully 20% of that in taxes (compared with 14% for the median U.S. taxpayer), can look forward to keeping an additional \$3.50 of his weekly pay; that is about enough for one extra beer a day at the local pub.

The trouble was that Healey's fine-tuning of the budget seems to have been so carefully calibrated that few could get excited about it—and the British get more excited about budgets than most people. "Too cautious," grouched a Trades Union Congress chieftain. "Politically timid," grumbled Confederation of British Industry President John Greenborough. Healey himself was partly to blame. Expansive and voluble, he is given to flights of optimism. For example, he has predicted a drop in the inflation rate this year to 7%—down from the present 9.1% rate and a peak of 26% three years ago—for so long that if it is achieved, as expected, it will be anticlimactic. Similarly, the budget dominated the news for days before its presentation, and the result was something less than Britons had been primed to expect.

For one thing, everyone—not least the Labor Party—is breathing easier about the economy these days, thanks in large measure to North Sea oil. Callaghan and Healey are banking on further improvement in the economy as a powerful weapon to offset the campaign themes that Tory Thatcher is developing on immigration, with its appeal to racial fears, and law-and-order. Callaghan's chances of remaining in No. 10 Downing Street are now about even with Thatcher's moving there, a remarkable turnaround for a man who was 22 points behind Thatcher in the opinion polls 18 months ago.

The Tories, for their part, are faced

with trying to salvage a situation in which Labor walked off with their ace card: tax cuts. Said Thatcher of Healey's budget: "His conversion to tax cuts is election-deep." Already the Tories are crying that the Callaghan-Healey largesse did not go far enough. Laborites also concede that Thatcher unleashed a powerful issue in immigration. Observes Home Secretary Merlyn Rees: "She lost the Asian vote, but she gained the British working class."

The crucial battleground for the upcoming election, however, is likely to be newly oil-rich Scotland. With its commitment to the establishment of a Scottish assembly to deal with a wide range of Scottish matters, Labor hopes that it will pick up a large thank-you vote. In an important by-election in Glasgow last week, Labor won handily, a comforting indication that the Scottish Nationalists' bandwagon is not rolling. The Nationalists, however, have traditionally been drawn from the right, and there is always the chance they might decide to return to their Tory home. As a result, party leaders from both sides are doing everything short of learning to play the bagpipes in order to woo the Scots.

Though the outcome of any general election is impossible to call right now, some savvy politicians are making a prediction another hung Parliament, with neither party gaining a majority on its own. Once again the betting is that the splinter groups—the Liberals, the Ulster Unionists, the Scottish Nationalists—will hold the power to set the course of government.

CHINA

Mini-Gang War

Teng takes on the "hyenas"

As might be expected of one of his country's sharpest players of bridge, China's shrewd Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing has been leading from a strong hand in the continuing jockeying for top power in Peking. Although last month he did not, as some China watchers speculated, replace Party Boss Hua Kuo-feng as China's Premier at the National People's Congress, Teng has in other ways been picking up trick after trick. He has gradually eliminated political opponents who shunted him into obscurity in the tumultuous Cultural Revolution, and bolstered those who share his pragmatism and belief that modernizing China must take priority over maintaining revolutionary zeal.

The most prominent victims of Teng's finesse have been the ultraradical leaders known as the Gang of Four, headed by Mao's widow Chiang Ch'ing. But now there are signs that Teng's purge is being extended to next echelon radicals. For the past two weeks, Peking's walls have been plastered with posters denouncing the so-called Mini-Gang of Four, consisting of Peking's mayor Wu Teh, General Ch'en

World

Hsi-lieh, the regional commander of the capital military district; Saifudin, former chief of the Sinkiang-Uigher Autonomous Region; and the late K'ang Sheng, one-time internal security boss. The mini-gang members have also been blasted by the Teng-controlled *People's Daily*, which has called them "hyenas, wolfish animals." The four, along with other backers of Mme Mao, have also been attacked as the "wind faction," "slip-away faction" and "cover-up faction." Meaning: they have bent with the wind, crept away from difficulties and concealed their crimes.

The once powerful Wu Teh has been the most sharply attacked mini-gangster. One Peking wall poster, for instance, demands ominously that his "blood debt be repaid in blood" and cites his role in the brutal suppression of the April 1976 demonstration in Peking's T'ien An Men Square, which was to pay homage to the dead Chou En-lai, Teng's old partner in pragmatism. At that time, moreover, Wu attacked Teng as a "capitalist roadster"—words the mayor must now regret.

Rather than lose their posts—or worse—the mini-gang's three living members may only be stripped of effective power. One reason for this apparent leniency is that the crafty Teng may actually be aiming at targets much higher than Mayor Wu and the others. Some wall posters, believed to have been written by Teng's backers, complain, for example, about striking "blows only at low levels and not on top." That could only be an implicit criticism of Chairman Hua and his policies in the post-Mao era.

Hua has been much more cautious than his Vice Premier about moving to erase the radical legacy of the Cultural Revolution. Some experts even speculate that the aim of Teng's campaign may be to discredit Maoism itself, or at least that part of the hagiology that is invoked by opponents of the push for modernization. Teng could start, according to some Chinese analysts, by probing the extent of Mao's support in the last months of his life for the activities of his now discredited wife and her radical comrades. ■

tends to dreary news programs and interminable talk shows. Result: the private channels have lured away an estimated 20% to 40% of Italy's prime-time viewers from the state networks.

Though some of the private stations offer classical music and good sports coverage, much of their programming consists of game shows and films, both of which seem to be dedicated to proving the pulling power of porn. When Telefantasy in Rome offered the American sex epic *Deep Throat* (which is banned from Italian moviehouses) on three successive evenings last January, the city all but came to a standstill while the show was on. When a Rho station, Teleporter, advertised for amateur strippers, dozens of housewives and students applied. Despite howls of protest, including a complaint from the city's Oblate Fathers that the station was "transmitting Satan live," Teleporter's amateur strip show has proved so popular that there was a run on the antennas needed to pick up the station's broadcasting frequency.

Among other recent freelance porn offerings, Rome's station PIS (for People Television Service) put on a special called *Nude on Parallel Bars*, featuring a nearly naked girl giving a passable imitation of Olympic Star Nadia Comaneci. Telefantasy currently stars a 23-year-old student whose job is to write suggestively on a bed in a baby doll nightgown while listening to a male voice on the radio reading excerpts from sex novels.

Milan Psychiatrist Dino Origlia has concluded that all the amateur nudity on TV represents "the frustrated woman's revenge. These women still feel the need to assert themselves, to be the center of attention." Among other things, he says, the phenomenon shows "how we Italians have not yet overcome our sexual problems. This puts the clock back a century to keyhole sex." Other experts disagree. Says University of Trento Sociologist Gian Paolo Fabris: "Sex on the tube produces no guilt complexes. On the contrary, it creates an atmosphere of harmless complicity among the most repressed couples and can even stimulate desires."

Healthy or not, the porn programming seems likely to be curbed eventually. Already 18 stations have been warned by the courts to show more restraint or be closed down. Italy's parliament will soon consider a bill that will reduce the number of stations to 100 and limit the amount of advertising they can carry. Meanwhile there are signs that, after the porn wave, the next new rage on the tube may be politics. Italy's main parties have already established a foothold in TV, mainly through ownership by newspapers allied with them. Thus the fare on Rome's newest station, called Videouno, might be expected to be red rather than blue. The station, which will begin test operations this week, is owned by the daily *Paese Sera*, a supporter of Italy's Communist Party. ■



In a Turin studio, an amateur performer on a show called *The Housewife's Striptease*

ITALY

Where Prime Time Is Porn Time

Black and white or color, Italian TV is increasingly blue

With a twirl of his TV dial on one typical evening last week, an Italian viewer could tune into the following shows: instruction in sexual positions by a scantily clad young couple; lessons in chess, French or English; a battery of commentators ruminating about the kidnapping of ex-Premier Aldo Moro; an education program to help children with their homework; a spaghetti western; a porno feature called *The Masseuse*; and a phone-in quiz starring a housewife—masked to protect her identity—who peeled off an item of clothing every time a caller got the answer right. For the truly hard-to-please, there were also sports and political programs, and films brought in by relay stations from France, Monaco, Malta and Yugoslavia.

All this is the result of a 1976 court ruling

authorizing private local stations to compete with the two state nationwide networks operated by Radiotelevisione Italiana (R.A.I.), the state broadcasting monopoly. Taking advantage of a lack of regulation, new stations have mushroomed. At present, 385 private stations are battling with R.A.I. and one another for the attention of the owners of Italy's 15 million TV sets. There are 31 stations in the Rome area, twelve in Milan and eight in Turin; even smaller cities have their own stations.

The private telecasters, who can get on the air with an investment of as little as \$70,000, are cashing in on the frustrations of advertisers with the limited commercial time allowed by the R.A.I. networks, and on the irritation of Italian viewers with R.A.I. programming, which

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Law

Lawyers—and Liberties—on Trial

Can terrorism be checked without curbing civil rights?

Quiet, thin, dressed in a conservative pinstriped suit, Kurt Groenewold hardly looks the part of a firebrand lawyer who would conspire with West German terrorists to bring down the state. But Groenewold is now on trial himself in a Hamburg courtroom for "supporting a criminal organization" and furthering the plots of the notorious Baader-Meinhof gang, which has wreaked havoc in West Germany for a decade. As Groenewold nervously shuffles papers, his own lawyer politely debates procedural points with the prosecutors. No one shouts obscenities; the tone is orderly and low-key, punctuated only by an occasional muffled cheer from a handful of law students sitting in the audience on the other side of a bulletproof screen.

Despite the subdued atmosphere of the State High Court, the stakes at the trial are high. If Groenewold is acquitted, the German effort to keep radical lawyers from helping their terrorist clients commit crimes will have suffered a serious blow. If Groenewold is convicted, the right of the accused to full representation by an attorney could be dangerously undermined. To anxious observers, it comes down to a difficult test case of Germany's precarious balance between the rights of the individual and the security of the state—an issue with echoes far beyond Germany.

Three years ago, Groenewold, now 40, and two other radical lawyers, Klaus Croissant, 48, and Hans-Christian Ströbele, 38, were expelled by the court from the trial of the four "hard-core" Baader-Meinhof leaders on the "urgent suspicion" that they had collaborated with their clients to frustrate justice and commit further criminal acts. They were charged with creating an "information system" among the imprisoned terrorists and their adherents on the outside, and with coordinating a prison hunger strike. The information they were said to have passed to their jailed clients included treatises on guerrilla warfare, instructions on weapons systems and diagrams of U.S. military bases in West Germany. Croissant was further accused of helping Andreas Baader escape an arrest warrant and bullying an imprisoned gang member into joining the hunger strike.

This winter the government put Groenewold and Croissant on trial for their defense tactics. Ströbele may also face prosecution, along with a dozen other radical lawyers, on various charges. Croissant's trial, in the Stuttgart court where the Baader gang leaders were convicted last spring, is likely to be less restrained than Groenewold's. Croissant is

more given to outbursts than his colleague, and his lawyers delayed the trial soon after it began by refusing to unzip their trousers so that guards could inspect their underwear for weapons. The Federal Constitutional Court ruled early this month that the searches were legal, and the trial resumed last week.

What really concerns the government is that some radical lawyers pass orders, plots and even weapons between their imprisoned clients and terrorists on the outside. That concern deepened when eleven terrorists in scattered prisons ceased their hunger strikes four days before Industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer was kidnapped last September—presumably to



West German Lawyer Kurt Groenewold



Baader-Meinhof leaders are buried in Stuttgart after committing suicide in prison

regain strength for their expected release in exchange for Schleyer's freedom. Other radical lawyers have carried more than pamphlets or information into prison. Arndt Müller was accused of smuggling weapons in his briefcase to Baader and Jan-Carl Raspe, who used them to commit suicide after the dramatic rescue last October of Lufthansa passengers held hostage in Mogadishu, Somalia. Siegfried Haag awaits trial in a Bochum prison on charges of carrying weapons to terrorists and of planning a 1975 raid on the West German embassy in Stockholm in which three were killed and 30 wounded.

Still, in Groenewold's case the government appears hard put to prove that he did anything more than maintain the fighting spirit of his clients. Many liberal intellectuals and moderates in Germany agree. They see a great risk that by overkill, antiterrorist laws will jeopardize civil



Attorney Klaus Croissant
Advocates or collaborators?

Law

rights. For years, West Germany's post-Nazi constitution and subsequent legislation gave defendants and their lawyers some of the most liberal guarantees anywhere in the world. "It was a wonderful position for the defense counsel," says Heinz Brangsch, executive director of the West German Lawyers Association. "Then came terrorism and a breakdown of our position." When the terrorists came to trial, radical lawyers manipulated the liberal rules to protract proceedings, turning them into politicized circuses. Unlike William Kunstler and other radical American lawyers, they did not even have to worry about contempt citations; none exist under German law.

As the terrorist problem grew, the government began changing the rules. In 1974 the parliament in Bonn adopted a law permitting the exclusion of defense counsel if he or she were suspected of participating with the defendants in their criminal acts or obstructing justice. Last year, after Schleyer's kidnapping, parliament enacted a "contact ban," permitting courts to cut off terrorist prisoners from all outside communication—including their lawyers under certain circumstances. Last week the Bundestag passed new antiterrorist rules that would further restrict the rights of defendants and their attorneys. Among them: placing a physical barrier between a lawyer and his client during consultations to prevent weapons smuggling and permitting the court to monitor the mail between lawyer and client when criminal activity is suspected.

The obvious problem, say civil libertarians, is that laws specifically designed for the Baader-Meinhof lawyers have universal application. Indeed, a prosecutor tried to apply a section of the so-called *Lex Baader-Meinhof* to a lawyer in an ordinary extortion and robbery case in Cologne before it was applied to radical lawyers, prompting an appeals court, which denied the exclusion, to warn against using it as a "handy disciplinary measure."

To West Germany's liberal community, the restrictive laws, including a regulation that allows government officials to deny civil service jobs to people on suspicion of radical activities, smack of McCarthyism. "It's simplistic to say there is an underlying trend toward fascism," says Gerald Grünwald, professor of criminal procedure at the Friedrich-Wilhelms University in Bonn, "but there is a tendency toward an authoritarian state and a limitation of freedom." Notes Margret Möller, legal adviser to the Christian Democratic Union, whose conservative members push for even more stringent restrictions: "Nonsense, these people, the terrorists and their lawyers, don't believe in our system of justice. That's the deeper issue. If the defense counsel keep to the rules, no one will touch them."

The deepest issue, of course, is the dilemma that terrorism poses for any open

society, and particularly one with Germany's painful history. How much can civil liberties be curbed, in the name of securing a people against terrorism, in a country that once lost its civil liberties altogether?

Fitting Justice?

Judges try "creative" sentences

Like the Mikado, who sentenced proxy society bores "to hear sermons from mystical Germans who preach from ten till four," imaginative judges like to find ways to make the punishment fit the crime. San Diego Municipal Judge Artie Henderson sends teen-agers caught purse snatching from old ladies to work in convalescent homes. Graffiti artists in New York City have been ordered to swap their

establishing the local community's confidence and respect for one of its leading resident corporations."

Zampano's solution is not without parallel. In 1976 Allied Chemical was fined \$13.2 million for polluting the James River; after the sum was reduced to \$5 million by the federal judge who assessed the fine, the company contributed \$8 million to set up the Virginia Environmental Endowment. But the Olin case raises some questions about the proper exercise of judicial discretion. Had the judge merely fined Olin for violating the anti-apartheid arms ban, the \$510,000 would have wound up in the federal treasury. Do the people of New Haven have any more right to the money, asked some observers, than U.S. taxpayers? To University of Southern California Law Professor Christopher Stone, it is no wonder that Olin is "enthusiastic" about Zampano's punishment.



San Diego Judge Artie Henderson puts youthful offender (center) to work

Should corporations make "reparations to the people of the community?"

point sprayers for cleaning brushes. A professor arrested in a protest demonstration was sentenced to write a 1,500-word essay on civil disobedience, while a thief who stole some saddles from a farmer was made to raise a pig and a calf for his victim. One judge is even said to have sentenced a naked Frisbee player to plant fig trees in a park.

When Federal Judge Robert Zampano pondered what to do about the Olin Corp., charged with illegally selling arms to the Republic of South Africa, his solution was what he called a "creative" punishment. Instead of imposing the maximum \$510,000 fine on Olin, which pleaded *nolo contendere* to the charge, he instructed the corporation to donate that amount to charities in New Haven, Conn., where Olin's Winchester Group is situated. "Reparations to the people of the community," he called it, stating, "The court believes that additional steps must be applied on the local level for re-

a charitable contribution may be tax deductible, while a fine is not. Moreover, he says, a "charitable contribution gives the company good-will footage. It's a perfect option for the company."

Still, applying a constructive or creative sentence to a corporation is not easy. Often the fine for a misdeed is less than the profits to be made from wrongdoing, while rarely severe fines can punish stockholders as much as culpable executives. In the Olin case, where the victims arguably range from those workers at the Winchester plant who are concerned about apartheid, to all U.S. citizens embarrassed by Olin's arms sale, to South African blacks themselves, deciding who deserves restitution is difficult. As far as Columbia Law Professor Walter Werner is concerned, Zampano's decision was as good a solution as any. "It dramatizes the antisocial nature of the corporation's activity," said Werner. "It is doing justice in the broadest sense."

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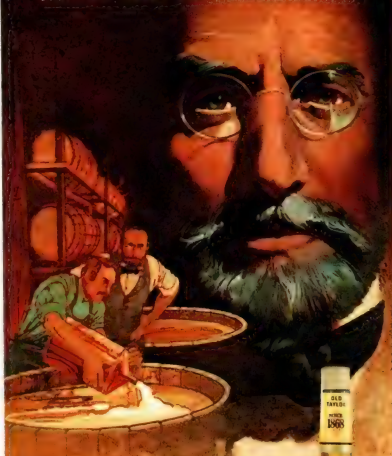
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Behavior

Huffing over All That Puffing

Psychological warfare heats up on both sides

At the request of Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg, fans at the Grand Prix Masters tennis finals in Madison Square Garden were asked not to smoke. After a moment of stunned silence, the Garden erupted in applause. Last week New Jersey announced a ban on smoking in most public buildings, including gambling casinos being built in Atlantic City.

Question: if nonsmokers are making inroads at such traditional temples of haze as sports arenas and casinos, where can the addicted smoker feel safe? Answer: practically nowhere. About 30 states now have some kind of law barring smoking

the Minnesota Governor's mansion, a smoker who was asked to put out his cigarette cheerfully agreed, then made the mistake of taking one long, last puff. An incensed woman promptly doused him with gubernatorial lemonade. One New York woman carries a pair of long scissors to shear off the tips of offending cigars and cigarettes. Denver's Paul L. Wright, a management consultant, developed a heftier weapon—a can of Anti-Smokers Spray that drenches offending smokers in lemon-scented mist. So far he has sold 30,000 cans. Wright recommends spraying the smoker from five or six inches

Pabst of Buckley, Wash., put smoker friends out on the balcony. Says Rick: "We sit inside and talk through the door."

Seattle Lawyer Robert Pirtle does not feel torn by conflict when he is smoked on: "If people do not grant you your rights, make a scene." When two men were smoking in an elevator, Pirtle stopped the car and announced, "I'll hold the elevator while you put your cigarettes out." The men stood firm until Pirtle rang the alarm bell, sending them packing.

Smokers can take heart from the 300,000-member organization PUFI (People United to Fight Frustrations), founded last fall by Richard Arnold of Lubbock, Texas. Arnold, who owns two restaurants, gave up smoking three months ago, thinks the habit is harmful and recommends that smokers put out cigarettes "as a common courtesy" if the smoke is bothering anyone. He refuses donations from the tobacco industry because PUFI is not interested in promoting smoking, only the right to smoke.

Some observers believe that the smoking war cannot be understood without a bit of psychological insight. One is Manhattan Psychiatrist Samuel V. Dunkell, who sees the whole thing as struggle between macho and puritan impulses. Reformed smokers, he says, tend to be the most intractable opponents of the weed. "I've noticed when people stop smoking," he says, "that it's part of a calculated campaign of reform of the personality. They do it like a reformation in religious terms, and they feel that they have to convert others." A Tenafly, N.J., psychologist agrees. "It's not smoke that bothers them, it's people smoking."

Some of the anger on both sides can obviously be traced to the ordinary frustrations of modern life and the need for a clearly identifiable villain. In one recent incident at an open-air bus terminal in New York City, a woman asked a pipe smoker to move downwind and seemed annoyed when he readily agreed to move. Then the wind shifted and blew a puff past her nose. "You goddam smokers!" the woman screamed. "I don't know how you do it, but you can even blow smoke against the wind."

Manly or Beastly?

Boozing at U.C.L.A.

The 36 subjects in the experiment, all male, fell into familiar patterns. Penned up in a fancy three-story condominium for months, the subjects drank heavily at a cocktail hour just before dinner and favored nightcaps just before bed. Every three or four days they went on a group bender, then tapered off the booze until it was time for another par-



Poster at GASP office, Berkeley, Calif.



San Franciscans signing petition against smoking

Scissors, spray cans and gubernatorial lemonade are all called into play.

in public places. Emboldened by HEW Secretary Joseph Califano's celebrated campaign against the weed, the antismoking lobby is now pushing for further restrictions. In California, a broad initiative proposed by the Clean Indoor Air Committee will be on the ballot this fall. One of its aims is to prohibit smoking in all work places except private offices.

Despite such large-scale maneuvers, the real war over smoking is being fought in countless small skirmishes between recalcitrant puffers and touchy nonpuffers. The first escalation is verbal. Nonsmokers, who used to say mildly, "Would you mind not smoking?" have moved up to billingsgate. A woman trying to ban all smoking from airlines remarked, "I don't see why the nonsmokers should have their lungs raped." Action is sometimes not far behind. At a reception in

es away, to make sure the cigarette goes out. "It takes guts," he admits, "but the spray is an equalizer." Wright has sprayed dozens of diners—and their meals—in restaurants. Miraculously, he has not yet been punched out. A classic soft response to such antismoking harassment is blowing smoke in the challenger's face. But that tactic is legally dangerous, at least in Australia. Brian McBride, head of a nonsmoking group there, brought charges against a bus driver who did just that to him. The driver was convicted of assault and had to pay \$328 in court costs.

At home, the question for dedicated nonsmokers is whether to ask visitors not to smoke. Says an optimistic New Jersey housewife: "We figure that people who like and respect us won't offend us by smoking in our house." What about visitors who can't refrain? Rick and Debby

Behavior

ty. Punch line: all the subjects were rats.

Psychologist Gaylord Ellison conducted the experiment in the basement of the U.C.L.A. psychology building, where he compared the drinking habits of 36 individually caged rats with those of 36 rats living together in a 13-ft. by 20-ft. condominium, complete with rat-scale dining room and bar. The rats living alone drank more, but in no particular pattern. The commune rats drank regularly in groups from three spigots fed with an anise-flavored solution of 10% alcohol. The heaviest drinking came before the daily meal of rich scraps from the U.C.L.A. faculty dining room, and just before bed.

Like many people, Ellison's rats drank the most when their lives were in disarray. Using injections of neurotoxins, the experimenter made one-third of the rats lethargic and depressed, another third anxious and active. The rest of the rats were left undrugged. At first the jumpy rats drank more, the lethargic ones less. Then regular fighting broke out, including wrestling between anxious and depressed rats, and boxing matches in which the contestants stood nose to nose on their hind legs and threw punches at each other. Food hoarding set in, and all the colony rats, even the undrugged, were hitting the bottle hard. By about the 25th day after the injections, when a dominant "King Rat" (the largest of the anxious rats) emerged to bully the colony, the rats had increased their rate of alcohol consumption by 200%.

Ellison contends that the study shows the dramatic impact of group living and social disruption on drinking, and helps explain why depressants can be an effective way to attack human alcoholism. The most important finding may be a more obvious one: when it comes to boozing, rats are only human.



The subjects relax after drinks and dinner. More binges when life is in disarray.



Nurse examines mother-to-be while father watches at Chicago birthing center

Medicine

Special Delivery

With even a little labor music

Mickey Johnson, 24, was naturally anxious: she had never had a baby before. But everything seemed pleasantly reassuring. Instead of a cold, sterile delivery ward, she entered what might have been a cheery, yellow-tinted bedroom in suburbia furnished with rocking chairs and an old-fashioned walnut armoire. Well-tended plants hung from the ceiling. There was even a stereo to play Mickey's favorite music. During the long, painful hours of labor, she was free to get up and pace the corridors. Her husband Bruce was at her side during the critical moments of delivery. Almost immediately afterward, the doctor handed him the squealing infant, and the awed father was allowed to cut the umbilical cord and give his 7-lb. 8-oz. (3.4 kg) son his first bath. The baby was not taken away, but spent the night with his parents. "A beautiful experience!" Mickey exclaimed. "I would never have a baby any other way."

Like Mickey Johnson, more and more American women are choosing to have their babies in this "natural" way. They can thus avoid what they consider to be the coldly regimented atmosphere of the typical hospital obstetrical service, with its forbidding stirrups and examining tables, medication and anesthesia, enemas and shavings, and the usual separation of husband and wife—to say nothing of mother and infant, who all too often is almost immediately taken from the mother's cradling arms to a nursery. Yet Mickey Johnson did not have her baby at home, a risky practice that many doctors discourage. Instead the happy event took

place within a conventional hospital at a so-called alternative birthing center.

Now available at a number of hospitals, including San Francisco's Mount Zion, the Phoenix Memorial in Arizona and the Golden Valley (Minn.) Health Center, such units seem, in doctors' eyes, an ideal compromise between two colliding interests: the growing enthusiasm of American women for having babies in the warmth of their own homes and the medical profession's understandable desire to have at the ready all the skills and equipment of modern obstetrics. Explains Dr. John Barton, chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Chicago's Illinois Masonic Hospital, where Mickey's baby was born: "We have to listen to what the home-delivery advocates are saying. But there are also the wants and needs of the fetus and the newborn to consider."

More than a year in the planning, Illinois Masonic's alternative birthing center is a small, completely independent unit with two bedrooms, a nurses' station with rollout desk, and a small lounge where family and friends can wait. Because no instruments or heavy drugs are used, only women who appear headed for normal births are admitted. But if there is trouble—for example, one woman's labor was unexpectedly difficult and required delivery by forceps and repair surgery—the patient can quickly be taken to the regular obstetrical unit only a few doors away. Not the least of the center's benefits is economy. Because the routine has been vastly simplified and the entire stay is usually only 24 hours, the total charge, including two instructional visits at home after delivery by nurse clinicians (but excluding the doctor's bill), is only \$600, less than half the cost of a typical delivery by the conventional obstetrical route.

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Religion

Dabbling in Exotheology

Can the "image of God" survive in extraterrestrial life?

Scientists today generally assume, and the mathematical probabilities favor, the existence of intelligent life among the myriad planets wheeling through the cosmos. If that is so, what happens to the Creator-God who made man "in his own image," or to the Christian doctrine that this God took the extraordinary step of becoming man in order to redeem one species of bipedal beings on earth?

Major religious thinkers have yet to give serious attention to the issues posed by what some call "exotheology" (the theology of outer space). Perhaps they are waiting for the first UFOs to land, but more likely they suppose that ultimately the dis-

covery of other beings makes no difference. Even if the visitors turned out to look like bug-eyed monsters or gelatinous blobs, such species might serve to enlarge the vision of the Creator's creativity. To theologians the "image of God," after all, does not refer to the type of body that characterizes *Homo sapiens* but to the intellect and spirit that reside therein.

One would find new arguments for beliefs they already held. Something like that seems to be happening among the few religious writers who are addressing the implications of life Out There. Among the current theories—some of them, appropriately enough, far out:

God as Astronaut. With cosmic enthusiasm, the Rev. Jack A. Jennings, Presbyterian chaplain at Montana State University, argues that contact with other forms of intelligent life "could turn out to be the most exciting story of the ages." Writing in the liberal *Christian Century*, Jennings says that if extraterrestrial life forms prove able to reach us, we might need to differentiate between the "great God of the Universe" and the God of Abraham and Moses, who might have been "simply a spaceman-become-a-tribal-deity." Wildly, he also proposes that some sort of primordial "genetics experiment" could have created Jesus Christ with his unique religious insight.

Benign Reminders. The Rev. Ted Peters, a Lutheran who teaches religion at Loyola University, New Orleans, has assiduously collected many supposed messages from space visitors reported by earthlings. In his recent book *UFOs: God's Chariots?* (John Knox: \$7.95), Peters notes that most of these agree with the love-thy-neighbor teachings of the Bible (e.g., "Thou shalt not kill"). Whether UFOs exist or not, Peters argues, God may be using UFO "experiences" to communicate benign reminders to earthlings. Peters makes a more credible case when he suggests that people's UFO accounts reflect their sublimated religious longings. Many writers point out that Western man had no sooner freed himself from the holy mysteries than he became enraptured by accounts of space visitations. Ads for the film *Cosmic Encounters of the Third Kind* intone WE ARE NOT ALONE.

Dangerous Illusions. All of which concerns the Rev. Harold O.J. Brown, a sci-fi buff and conservative theologian at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School in Illinois. The film, he says in a *Christianity Today* review, offers the dangerous illusion "that somewhere out there are unknown but benevolent powers that will ultimately cause everything to turn out all right." That, complains Brown, entirely bypasses God's judgment upon sin and Christ's incarnation to save man. To him, the film is bad science fiction, used to convey "the contentless mysticism that is so popular in a skeptical but still deeply credulous and spiritualistic age."

Cosmic Quarantine. C.S. Lewis theorized that perhaps other intelligent races never have known evil and that the vast distances in the universe might be "God's quarantine precautions" to "prevent the spiritual infection" of fallen mankind from spreading. David Fetcho of the cult-fighting Spiritual Counterfeits Project in Berkeley, Calif., has developed similar ideas. He insists in the *S.C.P. Journal* that it is unlikely that an "unfallen" race would visit earth. The reason: God would not want to contaminate the visitors with sin. Moreover, they could teach us nothing that God has not already said in the Bible. If races are "fallen," he reasons, they would lack the supertechnology to span the light years and make contact with each other. But Fetcho suspects that we probably are alone. To him, the Bible seems to indicate that the entire universe fell with Adam and Eve and that its re-



Space visitor in *Close Encounters* (1977)

"Unfallen" races and probes by Satan.

covery of other beings makes no difference. Even if the visitors turned out to look like bug-eyed monsters or gelatinous blobs, such species might serve to enlarge the vision of the Creator's creativity. To theologians the "image of God," after all, does not refer to the type of body that characterizes *Homo sapiens* but to the intellect and spirit that reside therein.

No less orthodox an author than the late Cambridge Don C.S. Lewis was untroubled by the prospect of life elsewhere. Writing in the *Christian Herald* two decades ago, he saw no reason why the eternal Son of God could not also have been incarnate in other worlds, or why God could not devise a totally different form of redemption. Lewis also predicted that if life ever were found elsewhere, every-



Martian lands (*War of the Worlds*, 1898)

Ads intone, "We are not alone."

demption is connected with the work of Jesus Christ. For instance, *Romans 8: 19-23* ("... we know that the whole creation has been groaning in travail together until now"). Perhaps, Fetcho proposes, the UFOs are real but are not visits by space beings—they are, rather, caused by "extradimensional," that is, demons.

Strange stuff. But then, as Presbyterian Jennings says, where UFO speculations are concerned, "the sky might as well be the limit." If the radio dices on earth ever do pick up coherent beep-beeps from another form of life, or the spaceships ever do land, however, the theologians may be forced to consider in systematic earnest the Psalmist's ancient question: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" ■

Environment

The Geography of Cancer

New Jersey struggles with a baffling outbreak

The citizens of Rutherford, N.J., a prosperous, green and pleasant town seven miles from New York City, normally use their well-appointed high school auditorium for everything from class plays to graduations. But last week more than 500 parents were gathered there for a very grim purpose. School officials, acting on reports from parents alarmed by an apparently high incidence of cancers in the town, had compiled a list of eleven residents recently afflicted either with leukemia or Hodgkin's disease and asked state health authorities to investigate. Now the townspeople were assembled to hear the findings.

The news was not good. Dr. Ronald

Altman, chief epidemiologist for the state's department of health, revealed that Rutherford residents had suffered 32 cases of leukemia and related cancers during the past five years. The eleven cases of Hodgkin's disease, he said, were more than would have been expected in a town with Rutherford's 20,000 population. The total number of leukemia cases (13) was not unusual, he went on, but the distribution of the cases by age range was. A town of Rutherford's size could normally expect 58 cases of leukemia in the 5-to-19-year-old age group during this period. Rutherford had six cases in this category, five of them among children in the same small school district. Said Dr. Arnold Rubin of the northern New Jersey chapter of the Leukemia Society of America: "It's unlikely that they have occurred

purely by accident." Concerned Rutherford residents had their own ideas about the cause. Mrs. Vivian Cleffi, whose nine-year-old son James died of leukemia in 1976, held "Big Business" responsible. Some people raised questions about the quality of the local water. Others indicted the air, mentioning the smells from nearby industrial plants that one woman described as the "Sunday night sepsis." Everyone agreed that serious investigation was essential. "There are some questions that have to be answered," said Mrs. Betsy Van Winkle, who also lost a son to leukemia in 1977.

Doctors and environmental officials plan to test Rutherford's air, water and

U.S. average of 130. New Jersey's mortality rate for bladder and urinary cancers, malignancies long associated with exposure to certain chemicals, was 9.68 per 100,000 white males, some 50% above the national average. The chemical industry is one of New Jersey's biggest employers. In Salem County, where chemical plants stand shoulder to shoulder along the Delaware River the bladder cancer mortality was 16.1 per 100,000 men, more than double the national average.

Many researchers and New Jersey residents are sure they know the reason, noting that the geography of cancer roughly follows the geography of some industries, particularly the chemical industries. With a population of some 7.3 million crammed into 7,521 sq. mi., New Jersey is both the most densely populated state in the nation and one of the most industrialized. Tests done a year ago identified at least seven potential carcinogens in the air. Sampling of 250 wells in twelve counties completed last month showed that almost all of them contained trace amounts of 50 chemicals, including such known or suspected carcinogens as vinyl chloride, carbon tetrachloride, not to mention the pesticides aldrin and dieldrin. These levels are not believed at this time to present a health hazard. Federal studies have noted that water from two major suppliers contains small amounts of chemicals called trihalomethanes known to be mutagenic, *i.e.*, capable of causing mutations in bacteria) and possibly carcinogenic as well.

Until a year ago, toxic chemical disposal was all but unregulated in the state. Many chemicals were dumped promiscuously into landfills and other areas that drained into wells and water sources. The automobile may also be at fault. Cars are responsible for at least half of the benzene, a potential carcinogen, in New Jersey's air. New Jersey's department of environmental protection will soon send some 12,000 New Jersey firms a questionnaire to determine if they use any of 188 known or suspected carcinogens. The department is also working with the National Institute of Health to establish a cancer registry and set up a computer network for storing and correlating information on the disease.

These plans will do little to ease the anguish of people in Rutherford and elsewhere around the state who have already lost children, husbands or wives to cancer. But it will undoubtedly help thousands of other Garden Staters who, unless something is done, are likely to face continued exposure to carcinogens. Science may never succeed in identifying all the genetic, metabolic and immunological links in the biological chain of events that leads to cancer. But it can identify the environmental links, and if it does, that deadly chain can be broken. ■



Epidemiologist Altman at cancer meeting in Rutherford, N.J.

"There are some questions that have to be answered."

Altman, chief epidemiologist for the state's department of health, revealed that Rutherford residents had suffered 32 cases of leukemia and related cancers during the past five years. The eleven cases of Hodgkin's disease, he said, were more than would have been expected in a town with Rutherford's 20,000 population. The total number of leukemia cases (13) was not unusual, he went on, but the distribution of the cases by age range was. A town of Rutherford's size could normally expect 58 cases of leukemia in the 5-to-19-year-old age group during this period. Rutherford had six cases in this category, five of them among children in the same small school district. Said Dr. Arnold Rubin of the northern New Jersey chapter of the Leukemia Society of America: "It's unlikely that they have occurred

soil, check out any radiation sources in the area and interview families of cancer victims to identify any factors that might reveal causal links between the various cases. But they candidly warned it was impossible to promise hard results. Studies of similar clusters, as such groupings of cases are called, have turned up no clear clues as to their causes.

Rutherford's cancer rate is not the only one that needs investigation, though. New Jersey as a whole has the unhappy distinction of being one of the most cancer-ridden states in the nation. A study covering the years 1950 through 1969 put the state's cancer death rate for white males at 205 per 100,000, a full 17% above the national average of 174. The same study put the rate for New Jersey women at 148 per 100,000, nearly 14% above the

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Economy & Business

Next Round Against Inflation

Carter makes a new start, but problems are tangled, and gains will be slow

"Inflation has become embedded in the very tissue of our economy."

—President Carter in his speech last week

The metaphor may be strained, but the perception is as realistic as it is frightening. Since the late 1960s, inflation has first crept, then leaped upward, expanding its list of victims to include just about the whole of U.S. society. A rare investor, rich and savvy enough to buy Renaissance paintings, Chinese ceramics or African diamonds, may still make money out of inflation, but for almost everyone else the inexorable rise in prices makes economic life a debilitating race in which one must run ever harder just to stay even.

The worker's raises have become a hollow joke; for him the '70s has been a decade of nearly zero growth in living standards. Weekly wages of the average nonsupervisory employee have jumped 86% since 1967, but because of high inflation and high taxes, real spendable earnings have increased only 2.8%. The squeezed, middle-class homeowner often reaps little or nothing from the rise in value of his house; if he sells, he will have to buy another that probably costs even more for the same or less room. Many of the poor have been denied the opportunity to join the middle class because the cost of doing so keeps going up. The federally defined poverty line for an urban



The President outlining his strategy

Devilish complexities force another try.

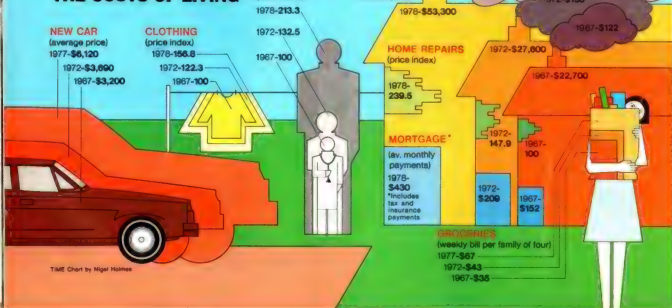
family of four has risen from \$3,968 in 1970 to an estimated \$6,190 now.

Inflation seems immune to all antibodies. Wage-price controls held it down in 1971-72, but as soon as they were eased living costs soared. OPEC oil price gouging and crop failures round the world further lifted prices in 1973-74, but the inflation rate has not returned to "normal" (whatever that might be), even though OPEC is observing a price freeze and

harvests are filling bins. The 1973-75 recession for a while cut the inflation rate in half, from 12% to 6%, at the savage price of almost 9% unemployment in early 1975. But 6% inflation is still too high for the U.S. to tolerate without enormous pain—and now the underlying rate seems to be rising again, perhaps to 7% this year. After that, who knows?

Worst of all, inflation has insinuated itself into every economic and social decision, perverting and frustrating the best-intentioned Government efforts to make life better for its citizens. Attempts to reduce unemployment can easily aggravate inflation by leading to excessive spending and deficits. Efforts to improve the lot of old people and the poor, or to clean up pollution, can and do make inflation worse. When the Government increases Social Security taxes and the minimum wage, and pours on more and more federal regulations, it imposes extra costs that business passes along in higher prices. Finally, inflation seems to have become self-perpetuating. One example: uncertainty about whether a new factory will repay the costs of building it causes business to hold back on investment in new plant and equipment. The lack of investment reduces potential production and

THE COSTS OF LIVING



output per man-hour, pushing prices up still further.

The very devilishness of the complexities, however, forces Government to keep trying new ways to tame inflation. No policymaker can pretend to himself any longer that it will subside on its own, and every national poll identifies inflation as the issue that most worries voters.

Last week, in a solemn address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, President Carter outlined his approach to keeping prices down. His stress, appropriately, was on reducing the Government's own contributions to inflation, thereby setting an example for the private economy. To that end, Carter:

- Pledged to hold the federal deficit for fiscal 1979 to the \$61 billion he has budgeted ("as large as we can afford") and to veto any bills that threaten a deeper bath in red ink. He warned that bills now being seriously considered by congressional committees might push the deficit \$9 billion to \$13 billion above target.

- Announced that he will limit raises for 3.4 million federal civilian workers and military personnel to 5½% this year, vs. the 6½% previously budgeted (unless Congress forbids it) and will freeze the salaries of 2,300 political appointees. The President also sent letters to all Governors and many mayors asking them to hold down the pay of state and city employees.

- Vowed to make federal regulation less burdensome on business, and thus less inflationary. The President was unspecific, but he cited as an example of what could be accomplished the deep cuts in air fares since the Civil Aeronautics Board has turned to encouraging reductions.

- Renewed his plea to labor and industry to bring wage and price increases below the average of the past two years. Carter specifically called on high executives to freeze their own salaries and bonuses as a kind of anti-inflationary example to the troops. He added that the Council on Wage and Price Stability will begin a series of meetings with executives in the steel, paper, aluminum, railroad and other industries to formulate goals for wage-price boosts.

- Appointed Robert Strauss, the witty and smooth-talking Texan who has become the Administration's trade negotiator and chief troubleshooter, as the President's special counselor on inflation. That presaged a step-up in efforts to jawbone against excessive wage-price boosts, with Strauss as the premier jawbomber.

This program is scarcely bold or innovative. Indeed, parts of it merely repeat pledges and exhortations that the President made earlier. Alan Greenspan, who was Gerald Ford's chief economic adviser, commented bitingly: "If it had been the first time I heard the speech, I would judge it exceptionally good—right in tone, right in balance, voicing the type of general philosophy that I support. The problem is that I have heard it all before."

Businessmen were disappointed that

Carter had not vowed to cut the budget deficit, which they regard as the root of inflationary evil. That was also the reaction of Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller, who sounds every bit as independent of the President as did his predecessor, Arthur Burns. Miller urged the Administration to delay by three months the \$25 billion tax cut that the President is proposing. Carter, he said, should ask Congress to make it effective on Jan. 1 rather than Oct. 1. That, said Miller, would cut the deficit by \$9 billion. In response, Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal insisted that the tax cuts must take effect Oct. 1 if the economy is to keep growing and unemployment coming down. However, Miller's idea is being considered in the White House.

Even given Carter's conviction that cutting the deficit sharply carries the risk of recession, he could have put together a much tougher anti-inflation program. For example, he could have asked Congress to repeal antiquated laws that drive up

is heading higher. Said Carter: "It persists because all of us—business, labor, farmers, consumers—are caught on a treadmill which none can stop alone."

All too true, and trudging the treadmill is putting a growing strain on nerves and tempers. For the most part, inflation causes not outright hardship but constant, grinding irritation. Hard work, raises and promotions do not make life materially better; for many people, simple pleasures such as a movie or dinner out become expensive indulgences.

For young marrieds, inflation makes the early years more of a struggle than ever. David and Cynthia Fernandez married in 1975 in Oakland, Calif., and two years later bought a house. "Our payments were double what we had been paying in rent," says Cynthia, "so I cut our food bill by 50%." Instead of buying five pork chops I buy three, and we don't have pastries and candy any more." Even so, David's salary of \$14,000 as a teacher will not cover expenses, so Cynthia has taken



wages on construction projects and force businessmen to ship many goods in costly U.S.-flag vessels. Nonetheless, Carter's speech marks a start in the right direction. He is correct in stressing that the Government must begin by reducing its own contributions to inflation—because those contributions are both highly important and infinitely more subject to change by White House pressure than are the decisions of labor leaders, corporate executives and consumers.

At minimum, the President has finally acknowledged that inflation is "the most serious threat" facing the economy. As late as January he had given policy priority to promoting growth and cutting unemployment. But unemployment has declined substantially in the past two years, and industrial production in March took its biggest jump in a year. Even the long depressed stock market suddenly roared up last week on record volume. Meanwhile, inflation has stuck at 6½%, and now

a job as a payroll clerk, leaving their four-month-old daughter to be cared for by Cynthia's mother. There are no savings to guard against emergencies, and one occurred last week when the couple's washing machine broke down beyond repair.

For low-income people, inflation robs life of its small amenities. Dianne Fields and her husband Michael, a seasonally employed construction carpenter in Concord, N.H., used to dine out once a month and often attended movies. Now all Michael's earnings are swallowed by the rising cost of necessities. Says Dianne: "We used to go for a drive in the car on Sunday afternoon, but gas has got so expensive we can't afford it."

Psychologically, the strain of inflation may be greatest on middle-class people who grew up expecting a constant increase in comfort and affluence. "The values I was taught are no longer applicable to this world," says Frank Parker, 36, a sales representative for an appliance firm

The Decline of Mike Blumenthal

A major loser in the tense maneuvering leading to the President's new anti-inflation policy was his Treasury Secretary, W. Michael Blumenthal. TIME's Washington bureau chief Robert Ajemian writes:

Mike Blumenthal was finishing his regular weekly breakfast in the Federal Reserve Board dining room with Chairman G. William Miller when the phone call came: the President urgently wanted to see him at the White House. Only four hours remained until Jimmy Carter was to deliver his televised speech on inflation, and as Blumenthal was driven across town, he wondered if the President had any additional changes in mind. For months Blumenthal, the Administration's bridge to the business community and chief inflation fighter, had advocated a tougher program to hold down prices and wages. So he had been shocked only one week earlier when Carter had told him he wanted to appoint Robert Strauss—no friend of Blumenthal's—to head the drive. With heavy urging, the Secretary had talked Carter out of the move. He told the President that the Strauss appointment would undermine his own authority and surely weaken the Administration program. Carter went along.

Now, however, the President had gone back to the plan Blumenthal hated. He had decided, Carter told his Treasury Secretary, that Strauss was the right man to bend business and labor. Blumenthal was stunned and furious. He spent the next hour or so at the White House in a state of frenzy, flipping between the offices of Vice President Walter Mondale and Presidential Aide Stuart Eizenstat, who was still writing the President's speech. Said one White House aide who watched Blumenthal: "He was climbing the walls." Blumenthal was trying desperately to alter the decision and then, realizing it was irreversible, attempting to shore up his own position by making additions to Eizenstat's drafts. He finally persuaded Eizenstat to insert a new paragraph in the President's speech declaring that Strauss would become a member of the steering committee of the Economic Policy Group, of which Blumenthal is chairman. The reference was merely face-saving, for it was clear that Strauss would become a major force in the President's economic policies.

Almost from the time Carter picked him for Treasury, Blumenthal seemed uneasy in his job. The White House senior staffers and Strauss himself viewed him as a brilliant, brittle man with an enormous ego, too jealous of his own territory and difficult to deal with. For his part, Blumenthal considered the President's aides inexperienced and in some cases destructive. When he began to hear stories that he had contributed to Bert Lance's downfall, the Secretary went straight to the President and complained. By then, Blumenthal had decided the only way to endure was to put more emphasis on his personal ties to Carter, and during the past six months he seemed to be succeeding.

Nonetheless, Mondale and Carter's "Magnolia Mafia," as his staff is being called by critics, continued to believe Blumenthal was incapable of winning over a skeptical business community to Administration policy. Three weeks ago they recommended that Blumenthal be replaced by Strauss as the head of the anti-inflation drive. This time Carter took the advice, regardless of the consequences. When one of his staff warned him that Blumenthal might not accept the decision, Carter replied: "I'm set for that." Several White House staffers were, in fact, hoping that Blumenthal would resign. "Let him," remarked one high aide who had tangled with the Secretary. "We'll be better off."

Although all sides were talking teamwork late last week, Blumenthal still faces an uncertain future in the Administration. His brilliance must now compete not only with a disapproving White House staff but with the unsuitable Strauss, a man with whom he has been at odds. Some insiders thought that the Secretary was, in fact, twisting slowly in the wind.



The Treasury Secretary meeting the press
Brilliant, brittle and climbing the walls.

in Portland, Ore. "You can no longer take a college degree, go out into society, try to raise a family and live comfortably. That happily-ever-after line was a punch line for fairy tales."

Parker's annual income has risen \$10,000 in the past five years, to \$25,000 now, but he finds himself less able to meet current expenses. Says he: "For the first time in my life, I became overdrawn in my checking account this month without even knowing it. Rising insurance rates for the car and the house, and rising property taxes are the things we feel the most."

The frustration and fear of the future bred by inflation are social poisons. Parker bitterly reports that his parents, who had looked forward to a comfortable retirement on Social Security, have been squeezed out of their house into a small condominium, and he fears that the \$75,000 he will collect from his own endowment insurance policy will be a pittance by the time he retires at 65. "The way I see it," says he, "the Government is running one sham [Social Security] and the private sector [the insurance companies] another. It's easier for people on welfare than for people like us to feed, house and clothe their kids, and there are all kinds of grants and programs to help get their children an education. I went to college and fought all the liberal fights, and I still am a liberal Democrat who believes in social programs for the poor. It's just that we, the middle class, can't afford them any more."

It is dangerous to say that the U.S. could adjust even to a 6% inflation rate, if only that pace could be stabilized. Carter himself last week, while expressing alarm about the current speedup, inexcusably referred to last year's rate as "reasonable and predictable."

Reasonable? A continued 6% inflation rate would reduce the buying power of a current dollar to 25¢ by 2001. If that happens, mistrust of the Government and business, and hostility between social groups, would become more envenomed.

Predictable? Acceptance of a 6% inflation rate would practically guarantee that it would promptly shoot higher. Inflation never distributes itself evenly over the economy; if the overall rate is 6%, some groups will have raised their incomes and prices more than 6%, some much less. Those who are temporarily ahead struggle to stay in front; those who fall behind strive desperately to catch up, and their efforts push the price level still higher. This competitive scramble is a powerful reason why the inflationary cycle keeps spinning long after some of the forces that gave it a starting push (the Viet Nam War, the crop failures of 1973-74) disappear.

More and more long-term contracts—for labor, raw materials, industrial supplies, plant construction—have built-in inflationary escalator clauses. They make business costs more predictable, but they also ensure that today's inflationary pres-

tures will still be pushing up some wages and prices, say, three years from now.

Also, and of supreme importance, output per hour worked in the economy has grown an average of only about 1.7% a year since 1967, v. 3.3% in the previous decade, lessening the ability of employers to grant almost any wage increases without raising prices. There are many reasons for the slowdown in productivity: growing numbers of unskilled women and teen-agers in the work force; a shift of workers from manufacturing to service trades or state and local governments, where productivity gains come hard, if at all; government regulation that forces companies to spend on antipollution and safety devices the money that could otherwise be used to install more productive machinery; and lagging spending for research and development.

An inflationary spiral could well lead to a shattering recession. Inflation already is making businessmen timid rather than expansion-minded. Explains Donald J. Donahue, vice chairman of the Continental Can Co.: "If inflation goes up, interest rates go up, and if interest rates go up, the rate of return you have to make on an investment also goes up. Therefore, we tend to do fewer things and employ fewer people." Add to that the very real possibility that consumers would slow their buying on houses, cars and other costly goods, and all the ingredients would be present for a downturn and rising joblessness.

Given the power of the forces promoting inflation, the Government's ability to slow it is limited. Carter's pleas for voluntary wage-price restraint, in particular, are a weak reed. But if controls are sensibly rejected, and numerical guidelines are ruled out as a form of soft controls, what is left?

Much could be accomplished by getting the Government's own house in order. Regulation could be made far less costly, without surrendering the Government's environmental and safety goals. Environmental regulators often prescribe detailed and expensive procedures that industry must follow. For example, Washington is almost sure to require that "scrubbers" be installed on the smokestacks of all coal-fired plants, even if they burn low-sulfur coal. The Council on Wage and Price Stability urges that the regulators instead set standards for the discharge of pollutants, levy heavy penalties on violators and leave it up to industry to figure out the least costly means of complying.

The Government also could develop special programs for coping with highly inflationary sectors of the economy. The standout one is the field of health care: Carter noted that daily hospital charges have rocketed from \$15 in 1950 to more than \$200 now, and doctors' fees have risen much faster than other consumer prices. One big reason: Government and private health-insurance plans guarantee

The Rise of Robert Strauss

The big winner last week was Carter's special trade representative, Robert Strauss. TIME Washington Correspondent Stanley Cloud reports:

"I'm the best damn appointment Jimmy Carter has made," drawled Bob Strauss not long before the President gave him the additional job of ambassador-with-jawbone to Big Business and labor in the battle to check inflation. Immodesty is part of the ebullient Texan's style. So, too, are profanity, sensitivity, a dislike for pretense, a taste for good whisky, and deft persuasiveness in almost any matter involving politics and politicians.

During the past few months, Strauss has used the telephone on his large French-provincial desk (adorned with a plaque asserting IT CAN BE DONE!) to carry out many presidential missions. He has helped in pressuring coal companies to accept union demands during the recent miners' strike, promoting approval of the first Panama Canal treaty and persuading Senators to clear the nomination of G. William Miller as Federal Reserve chairman. The day after the committee swung behind Miller, Strauss told him: "Mondale and I worked that Banking Committee from A to Z yesterday. Now you can go to work."

A self-made millionaire lawyer-businessman, Strauss, 59, mixes Machiavellian tactics with mirth, backslapping with cool competence. As chief U.S. trade negotiator, a job he will retain, he demonstrated his unusual bargaining techniques in Tokyo earlier this year when he grabbed his Japanese counterpart, Nobuhiko Ushiba, in a Texas bear hug and belittled: "Brother Ushiba, you're crazy as hell!"

He may not behave that effusively with, say, the chairman of U.S. Steel, whom he helped persuade to roll back a steel price increase earlier this month. But what kind of jawboner will Strauss be? He replies that he intends not only to "name the sinners" but "find some heroes out there. Americans like heroes." Says Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell: "Strauss's responsibility is to stay on top of the private sector's compliance with the President's inflation goals. About the only lever we have is public condemnation if the goals are violated, and I think Strauss is a goddam good condemner. You really need a good pol to do this right. Mike Blumenthal could be that if he really wanted to, but I don't think he does."

Strauss knows the ingredients of winning politics—people, loyalty, egos, energy—as did his Texas mentors, Lyndon Johnson and John Connally. For him, politics is people, not issues; winning, not scoring debating points; having fun, not studying position papers. As chairman of the Democratic Party from 1972 to 1976, he stitched together warring Democrats after George McGovern's defeat and handed Jimmy Carter a unified party. During the fall campaign, Strauss grumbled privately that Carter and his aides were not paying enough attention to him. There is still some residual mistrust, but relations steadily improved after he took the job as chief trade negotiator and began to flash political talents, which are in short supply in the Administration.

He may be just a little too slick for many businessmen, though in general they warmly greeted his appointment. Like Strauss, they recognize that he cannot accomplish much unless the President puts his own power and prestige on the line to fight inflation.

Strauss says, not altogether convincingly, that he will remain in the Administration only another year or so: "I'm going to tell the President that Helen [his wife] and I want to go back to the Riviera." He returned from a holiday there last week to take the title of Mr. Anti-Inflation. His first assignment: meeting Blumenthal over a light lunch to massage his bruised ego. Strauss felt that his persuasion had worked again. Said he afterward: "I'm a good partner. Mike is ready to work with me now, as I am with him."



Carter's new counsellor on inflation

"A goddam good condemner."

Economy & Business

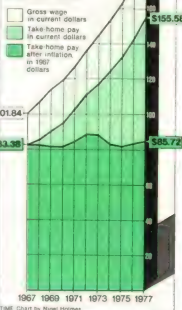
payment of "reasonable and customary" fees, which in practice has meant just about anything that a doctor or hospital can get away with. Carter last week pleaded with Congress to pass a bill he sent up last year setting a ceiling on the increase in revenues that any hospital could reap (9% the first year, less thereafter).

Further, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano announced some administrative measures designed to put a lid on medical inflation. Example: within 30 days, HEW will order that Medicare payments for twelve common lab tests be limited to the lowest charges widely available in a community, rather than average charges; the expectation is that high-cost hospitals will lower their charges rather than lose Medicare patients.

Cutting the federal budget is an alternative that Washington is not yet vigorously pursuing; right now all the pressures are to add a billion here and there. Nonetheless, there are ideas, of widely varying reasonableness. Some conservatives would shrink foreign aid, welfare, Social Security benefits. Alan Greenspan suggests reducing expenditures for public service employment of the jobless, a most dubious economy. Rudolph Penner, director of tax policy studies of the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think

NO REAL GAIN

Average weekly wage for a non-supervisory production worker



TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

tank, more sensibly would pare the roughly \$68 billion in federal grants-in-aid to state and local governments, many of which are now running budget surpluses.

The standard target of liberal Democrats is the defense budget, which has leapt from \$74.5 billion in fiscal 1973 to \$117.8 billion budgeted for fiscal 1979, largely because of increased personnel costs. A presidential panel last week recommended reform of exorbitant military pensions. Now, a 20-year veteran can retire at 37 and draw a full pension for the rest of his life. Thomas V. Jones, chairman of Northrop, a major defense contractor, charges that the Pentagon and its suppliers have come to accept cost overruns as a way of life. He urges that the Defense Department sign fixed-price contracts with no renegotiations allowed. If costs cannot be estimated accurately, says Jones, the military should award a prototype or development contract rather than a production contract.

Even the most determined anti-inflation program will yield results only slowly, and at first these results may be disappointingly small. That is all the more reason for starting the attack now. Inflation has indeed become part of the tissue of the American economy—and to let diseased tissue spread is a certain way to ensure disaster.

Call to Waive That Raise

There was no rush of volunteers after Jimmy Carter suggested that high executives waive their pay raises for a year in the crusade against inflation. Corporate chiefs can argue that they too have been squeezed. According to Arthur Young & Co., accountants, salaries of chairmen, presidents and chief financial officers rose an average of 46.9% from 1970 through 1976, a jot higher than the consumer price index climb of 46.6%. In fact, these executives did not keep up with inflation because they were pushed into higher tax brackets, and much of their raises was taxed away. Last year they did somewhat better. A sampling of proxy statements of 50 major companies shows that their top executives' cash compensation—salary plus bonus—rose by almost 11%, v. a 6% jump for inflation.

An exceptional handful did spectacularly well in 1977, even though their raises were not much. The nation's biggest executive earner was Henry Ford II, chairman of Ford Motor Co. Last week the company announced that his salary and bonus edged up 2%, to \$992,000. In all, General Motors Chairman Thomas

Murphy earned \$975,000, an increase of 2.6% over the year before. Mobil Chairman Rawleigh Warner Jr. got \$725,000, up 4% from 1976. (For some other high executive money-makers, see listing.)

Bonuses have become increasingly important as stock options

have lost some of their luster and the top tax rate on "earned" income has been reduced from 70% to 50%. Last year IBM Chairman Frank T. Cary received more in bonuses (\$337,000) than in salary (\$333,000). American Home Products Chairman William F. Laporte's bonus was exactly half his total income of \$770,000, while Augustine R. Marusi, chairman of Borden, Inc., earned a bonus of \$271,000 to go with his salary of \$296,000.

Generally, the income of a top executive rises and falls in line with his company's profits. Examples: Willard F. Rockwell Jr., chairman of Rockwell International Corp., got \$636,000 last year, an increase of 27% on a 17% profit gain. Reginald H. Jones, chairman of General Electric Co., received \$687,000, a boost of 11%, reflecting a 17% profit rise. Chiefs taking pay cuts included John J. Riccardo, chairman of Chrysler. With company profits down 61%, he received \$427,000, a 38% reduction from the year before.

Carter is expected to stress his pay-freeze suggestion when, in a week or so, he begins meeting on a fairly regular basis with business leaders at the White House. One result of any restraints on the top executives' income is that raises for lower-level managers would be

pinched to preserve the traditional pay gap between echelons. Further, there is some question about the effectiveness of a freeze. A worker making \$10,000 or \$15,000 will not be overcome with a need for sacrifice upon hearing that an executive earning \$400,000 is foregoing a raise.

EXAMPLES OF '77 EXECUTIVE COMPENSATION RISE OVER '76

Executive	Company	1977 Compensation	Rise Over '76
Clifton C. Garvin	Exxon	\$696,000	14%
Harry J. Gray	United Technologies	\$668,000	3%
Irving Shapiro	Du Pont	\$644,000	10%
Joseph Cullman	Philip Morris	\$558,000	23%
Edward G. Harness	Procter & Gamble	\$545,000	19%
William O. Beers	Kraft	\$509,000	7%
Edgar Griffiths	RCA	\$475,000	26%
James F. Ferguson	General Foods	\$440,000	10%
William L. Naumann	Caterpillar	\$361,000	19%
William S. Anderson	NCR	\$345,000	13%

7 GOOD HABITS YOUR DOCTOR WISHES YOU HAD.



1. Three meals a day at regular times and no snacking. Don't skip breakfast—it'll just get you in trouble later on in the day when you're apt to eat more than you should.



5. Immunization. Make it a habit to make sure the kids get the "shots" their doctor recommends. We have most childhood diseases licked and we don't want them showing up again.



2. Moderate exercise two or three times a week. If you have any questions about what kind, ask your doctor. He wants you to stay healthy and enjoy life.



6. Moderate weight. Being too skinny isn't good either. Get down or up to weight that's right for you and maintain it.



3. Adequate sleep. Seven or eight hours a night for most people. Sleep's a great restorative and it doesn't cost you a dime.



7. Alcohol in moderation. If you use it at all, use it sparingly. In fact, moderation all-around is probably the single best way to contribute your share to your "good health" partnership with your doctor.



4. No smoking. It's hard to give up if you already do, but isn't your health worth it?

If you want more good advice on all "7 good habits your doctor wishes you had," we will send a whole packet of helpful guides—without charge. Just write Dept. OPR.

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Economy & Business

Nice Surprise On Wall Street

Stocks suddenly surge after more than a year of gloom

Brokers know all about Wall Street's legendary selling panics, but whoever heard of a buying panic? That is precisely what swept the New York Stock Exchange late last week. In two incredible days of financial hebecephrenia, the cavernous trading room echoed with delirious shouts and yells so loud that it was hard for brokers to talk to one another. After 15 months of steadily slumping prices, the market had taken a sudden and unexpected U-turn, sending short sellers, who make profits by betting on continued declines in stock prices, running for cover.

On Thursday the Dow Jones Industrials climbed nine points, then surged by almost 20 on Friday, to close at 795, the highest since early January. By day's end, 52.3 million shares, worth \$1.4 billion, had changed hands—both records. The previous high volume was 44 million shares on Feb. 20, 1976, and hopeful analysts were wondering whether the 1977-78 bear market had finally ended.

Stocks have been long overdue for a recovery. From almost the moment that Jimmy Carter moved into the White House, investors began moving out of the market. As the slide has continued, Wall Street has begun to look more and more like a bargain basement just waiting for shoppers. Last week they came pouring in, driven by random pieces of upbeat economic news (a slowdown in the growth of the money supply, a hefty increase in industrial output during March, a firming dollar overseas) as well as a juicy—though unfounded—rumor that Exxon Corp. had struck oil off the New Jersey coastline. In addition, there were reports that President Carter was considering reducing the size of his proposed tax cut, a move that would tend to counter inflation. Buyers also came back because of the Street's herd instinct. As one broker put it, investors saw the gathering momentum and the market's rising prices and said, "Oh God, it's getting away from us"—and rushed in before prices rose further.

All of those factors also drew in money from abroad. Foreigners were particularly intrigued by the oil-strike rumor, which suggested to them that the U.S.'s energy problems would be eased and the dollar would regain its stature. With some \$400 billion in greenbacks now in foreign hands, an overseas rush to Wall Street would send stocks up sharply. Whatever happens next, the market's behavior last week ought to give Washington some idea of how investors are prepared to respond if the nation ever gets a sensible energy program and an effective policy to fight inflation and prop the dollar. ■



Malcom McLean, who bought the company



Fred R. Sullivan, who sold the fleet

New Skipper for U.S. Lines

*After eight curious years,
Kidde finds a flush investor*

An investment in one of the U.S. ocean-going lines would seem now to be the most incautious of endeavors. Overcapacity and underpricing, especially by the Soviet Union, have driven a lot of companies to desperation. Pacific Far East Line has sheltered under Chapter 11 of the bankruptcy laws. Farrell Lines has acquired American Export Lines, whose parent company was just discharged from Chapter 11.

Nonetheless, Malcom Purcell McLean, one of the lesser known captains of American business, has just anted up \$111 million to buy U.S. Lines, whose 36 vessels ply worldwide cargo routes. The seller was Walter Kidde & Co., Inc., the New Jersey conglomerate, which now has a cargo full of cash.

McLean, 64, who ranks with his friend Daniel K. Ludwig in both his reclusiveness and the boldness of his investments, was noncommittal as usual about the purchase. "We're just buying a regular-going steamship company," he said, adding with the understatement of a shrewd Scottish laird, "I think it's a good deal for both sides."

When McLean makes these modest pronouncements the most jaded students of high-stakes business sit up and listen, carefully. His record for earning money is awesome. Starting back home in North Carolina in 1934 with a down payment of \$30 for a secondhand pickup truck, McLean built a substantial trucking concern and made millions. With additional backing from Ludwig, whose National Bulk Carriers operates supertankers, McLean founded Sea-Land Service, Inc., which grew into the nation's foremost container-ship operation. In 1969 he sold Sea-Land to Reynolds Tobacco for about \$500 million. Then through his solely owned McLean Securities Inc., he invested in a life insurance venture and real estate holdings through the South and Southwest, including Pinehurst, the 7,500-acre golf resort in North Carolina.

Shipping men reckon that McLean, who has a modest office in New York City, would like to run U.S. Lines with a minimum of interference from Washington. Some \$44 million in U.S. Lines loans has been guaranteed by the Federal Government. "If McLean retired the loans," said one of his spokesmen, "he'd have a much freer hand in running the line. He just wants wheeling and dealing latitude."

There is another potential winner. For Fred Sullivan, 63, the red-haired and compulsively energetic chairman of Walter Kidde, the sale of U.S. Lines completes an eight-year saga of frustration and expensive litigation. Sullivan, a Litton Industries alumnus who ran the conglomerate with Founders Tex Thornton and Roy Ash, has built Kidde from a sleepy outfit into a diversified firm (cranes, safety equipment, sporting goods, etc.) with 1977 sales of \$1.5 billion and profits of \$56.7 million. But the acquisition of U.S. Lines in 1969 for \$104 million in cash and stock was, Sullivan admits, a grave mistake. U.S. Lines lost \$1.5 million in 1970, whereupon Sullivan began looking for a buyer for that arm of the Kidde empire. He agreed to give R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. a six-year option, but trustbusters blocked the sale because Reynolds had acquired McLean's Sea-Land operation.

Though U.S. Lines began earning some money in the '70s, Sullivan was determined to sell. He found a buyer in Western Union International, but for reasons publicly undisclosed, the Maritime Administration last year blocked the deal. McLean, who had resigned from Reynolds' board, then came forth with his offer, ultimately \$111 million.

Flush with all that cash, Kidde now faces the fascinating problem of getting rid of it. Its stock is selling for \$30.87 a share, well below the book value of \$41.40. Its newly acquired \$111 million, plus the fact that Kidde is a company with a steady earnings record, might stir up an unfriendly tender offer. Many a company would like to get hold of that cash. ■

Education



Freshman leaving all-girls dormitory at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah



Federal Aid: Too Many Strings?

Universities welcome the cash, but fear more controls

Government aid to U.S. colleges and universities—mostly student loans, research grants and special-program funds—now totals an impressive \$15 billion a year. Yet more and more educators, administrators and trustees are biting the hand that feeds them. Their complaints range from excessive paperwork to inflexible regulations. But the one that is voiced most emphatically concerns Washington's growing influence over higher education. Says Robert Durkee of the Association of American Universities: "We may be nearing a point where the Government will be making decisions that universities should be making."

Exaggerated? Not by much. As several recent developments indicate. Among the most notable: ▶ The Department of Justice has threatened to sue Brigham Young University and 36 Provo, Utah, landlords for violation of the Fair Housing Act. Replying to Government charges that it is illegal to refuse housing on the basis of sex—even in off-campus college apartments—B.Y.U. President Dallin H. Oaks noted that enforcement of such a law "would make separate men's and women's dormitories illegal on every campus in the country."

▶ A recent addition to the Health Professions Educational Assistance Act made financial aid to U.S. medical schools contingent upon acceptance of third-year medical students who have been trained abroad. Johns Hopkins

and 17 other medical schools threatened to forfeit Government money rather than comply with the ruling. In December the legislation was changed to encourage, rather than require, medical schools to accept a small percentage of their enrollment from Americans studying abroad.

▶ Hillsdale College in southern Michigan has rejected direct federal aid since its founding in 1844. The college decided to ignore the controversial Title IX of

the 1972 Education Amendments, which ruled that if any students in a college receive federal assistance, the school must be classified as a "recipient institution" and must comply with the hundreds of regulations imposed on Government-supported schools by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Hillsdale has launched a \$29 million fund drive to aid its students should the Government refuse to provide their loans and scholarships.

▶ The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has rejected three desegregation plans submitted by the 16-campus University of North Carolina and threatened to cut off some of the \$89 million that it receives in aid each year. U.N.C. President William Friday insists that the system is "committed to" desegregation and that the real dispute centers on Washington's "intrusion" into university affairs.

Educators argue that the Government gives with one hand and takes with the other. Judging from the figures in one recent study by the American Council on Education, it costs higher education some \$2 billion a year to carry out such federally mandated programs as affirmative action and regulations issued by agencies like OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health Administration). And there are incidental expenses. A single affirmative-action study at Berkeley, for example, generated 50,000 computer calculations. Complains Clark Kerr, former president of the University of California system and now Chairman of the Carnegie Council Policy Studies in Higher Education: "Such details as how many native American Indians the classics department, which now has about five people, should employ by the year 2003 was required by Federal Government planning. The answer was .08. That's silly; people do not come in those kinds of units."

Kerr's complaints are echoed by Johns Hopkins President Steven Muller, who objects to the Government's practice of requiring universities to supply the same information to more than one federal agency. Last year the Internal Revenue Service did a full audit of Hopkins. "We spent literally thousands of hours of staff time answering the same questions for them that we had answered for the General Accounting Office," says Muller. "Then they wanted to look at our affirmative-action programs—informed we had already given to the Office of Civil Rights."

The problem is particularly acute for research universities, where two-thirds of all scientific research is carried on with the



"Hey guys, our new roommate is here."

support of the Government. According to the Cambridge-based Sloan Commission on Government and Higher Education, the "harmonious relationship" between the Government and the universities that flourished during World War II has deteriorated into "an atmosphere of friction and confrontation."

The Government has candidly acknowledged the crisis. Not long after his election, President Carter met with HEW Secretary Joseph Califano and a group of college presidents to discuss problems of higher education. In the fall, HEW launched Operation Common Sense, a comprehensive effort to review, simplify and recodify regulations. Last week, in a further effort to bring a number of widely scattered programs under one roof, Carter proposed the establishment of a new Department of Education.

Whether that will ease—or aggravate—critics' concerns about Government intrusion, though, remains to be seen. Last week, a panel of 69 distinguished businessmen and educators—including former Education Commissioner Harold Howe, Urban League Executive Director Vernon Jordan, Rockefeller Foundation President John Knowles and World Bank President Robert McNamara—issued a statement on the subject. "There is a risk that the academic freedom of our colleges and universities will one day be compromised by the unrestrained growth of the influence of Government," they warned. What will follow their manifesto remains uncertain, but educators are in a fighting mood. "We're going to have to be tough-minded," says Hopkins' Muller. "We can't count on the Government to be benevolent. We have to be assertive." ■

ENGAGED. **Stuart Symington**, 76, first Secretary of the Air Force (1947-50) and telegraphically handsome, four-term Democratic Senator from Missouri who, he said, graduated from politician to statesman when he retired in 1976, and **Ann (Nancy) Hemingway Watson**, 59, widow of Arthur K. Watson, an IBM executive and a son of its founding father. The wedding, in June, will be the second for each.

MARRIED. **Aretha Franklin**, 36, long-reigning queen of soul, rhythm 'n' blues, gospel and nearly every other popular music territory; and **Glynn Turman**, 31, handsome actor of stage (*A Raisin in the Sun*), film (*Cooley High*) and television (*Peyton Place*), in a ceremony performed by the bride's father, the Rev. Clarence Franklin, in his Baptist church, with music by the Four Tops; she for the second time; he for the third.

MARRIED. **Leonard Woodcock**, 67, chief of the U.S. liaison mission to the People's Republic of China and former president of the United Automobile Workers; and **Sharon Tuohy**, 35, a State Department nurse on Woodcock's staff, in Peking, he for the second time, she for the first.

DIED. **George Cory**, 57, moody songwriter who penned the music for an international hit, *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, of a drug overdose; in San Francisco. After writing more than 200 songs with indifferent success, Cory was approached in 1961 by Singer Tony Bennett, who needed a number to highlight a San Francisco engagement and salvage a fading career. Cory and his lyricist partner Douglass Cross pulled a dusty, eight-year-old tune from their trunk and the trio made a fortune.

DIED. **Long John Nebel**, 66, dean of all-night radio talk-show hosts whose early specialty was interviewing hypnotists, UFO freaks and sundry other pitchmen of the occult, of cancer, in Manhattan. An eighth-grade dropout with a quicksilver tongue, Long John (6 ft. 5 in.) worked as carnival huckster, mind reader and auctioneer before going on Manhattan's WOR in 1956. Indefatigable, he came to command 42 hours of air time a week on WNBC, more than any other host in radio history.

DIED. **Ford Christopher Frick**, 83, low-keyed baseball commissioner (1951-65) and president of the National League (1934-51); in Bronxville, N.Y. As commissioner, Frick remained on the sidelines, viewing himself primarily as an administrator in the employ of team owners. As National League president, however, he acted quickly and effectively in 1947 after Jackie Robinson broke the color line and some of the St. Louis Cardinals threatened to strike rather than play against him. Firmly telling the Cardinals, "You cannot do this because this is America," Frick quashed the threat.

A Rich Orgy of Witty Ditties

*When asked to compose a wry ditty,
All rhymers from country and city
Every Susan and Dick
Came up with a trick
To write limericks nitty and gritty.*

The prize was a mere \$50, but when Connecticut's Mohegan Community College called for a competition, 12,000 limericks arrived from every state and a couple of foreign countries. The absurdly prolific science writer Isaac Asimov, who numbers three volumes of *Lecherous Limericks* among his 180 or so published books, volunteered to be the judge.

How could he refuse? After Robert Rue, president of Mohegan, and Creative Writing Teacher Jim Coleman had decided on the contest, Rue sent Asimov a communiqué:

*A national limerick contest
With entries from Presque Isle
to Point Quonset
A bit you'd be paid
Thus the gauntlet is laid
For you to accept from the onset.*

Notices to 3,300 colleges and universities, plus a wire-service story, brought the limericks rolling in. "The limerick," explained Rue, "is a non-threatening art form. People will write a limerick when poetry would scare the hell out of them." Members of the Mohegan community got together for one ten-hour limericking marathon to choose 86 finalists for Asimov.

Although the limerick form appears in few prosody handbooks, Asimov followed strict, traditional rules. Limericks must have five lines. The first, second and fifth lines must all rhyme, while the third and fourth follow another rhyme (a.a.b.b.a). There are 13 feet, or stressed

syllables, to the limerick—no more, no less. The typical foot is an anapaest, that is, two unstressed syllables preceding an accented one (da-da-DAH), or sometimes an iamb (da-DAH).

A complete story must be told in 34 to 49 syllables. Asimov likes them to be not only clever but also a bit vulgar. "Clean limericks lack flavor—like vanilla ice cream or pound cake," he claims. "They are perfectly edible but, to my taste, are tame, flat and unsatisfying." Nonetheless, Asimov awarded first prize to this limerick by George Vaill, retired secretary of Yale University:

*The bustard's an exquisite fowl
With minimal reason to growl
He escapes what would be
Illegitimacy
By grace of a fortunate vowel.*

Although the judge found the lines "alas, not very techorous," he was "delighted" by the one-word fourth line. Some of the five runners-up were slightly—but only slightly—bawdier. New Jerseyite David Rochford wrote:

*A prapagante professor named
Pease
Conquered co-eds with
consummate ease,
And while most would
succumb
On the spot, there were some
Whom he had to seduce by
degrees.*

Although a number of the 86 finalists were women, none won awards. Asimov felt confirmed in his thesis concerning women and limericks. "Women tend to be dirtier but less clever than men," he says. "I don't know why, but they can be surprisingly vulgar." ■

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Music

Lou Reed's Nightshade Carnival

Classic rock of grim wit and menace

Back at Syracuse University in the early 1960s, Lou Reed was a platoon leader in the campus ROTC unit. He was already dabbling in extreme forms of social behavior and cultivating notoriety like a rare hothouse herb. He also wanted out of his military commitment. To make sure that the authorities would oblige, he recalls holding a gun to the head of his commanding officer. It wasn't loaded, but this was no time to take chances. Lou got the boot.

Since then he has seen quite a few changes and made fine, weird, wired rock-'n'-roll music out of all of them, no matter how bizarre or diverse—high school memories and heroin jags, sweet romances and violent one-night stands, soirees with Warhol's underground crew and cruises through the lowlife. There has been one constant throughout. That gun is still drawn, and likely loaded. Danger is what Lou Reed's music has always been about. And that makes it classic, vital rock 'n' roll.

Beginning with Reed's tenure in the Velvet Underground more than a decade ago, he has been fashioning some of the strongest music you can hear anywhere. Going solo, he anticipated and helped launch both the underground and glitter rock extravaganzas of the early '70s; his finely focused rage, his risk-it-all personal reflections, have given the punk rockers strong inspiration. Reed's recent Arista album, *Street Hassle*, is one of his very best, bitterest and most adventurous records, prime rock unconditionally guaranteed to give you the night sweats.

The voice is somewhere between a snarl and a come-on; the often simple melodies build, repeat, undulate, suddenly press home. Reed constantly recalls old rock songs, phrases lifted from ancient hit parades, but his images evoke Céline Masquerading as an all-night FM deejay.

Raised conventionally enough in Brooklyn and Long Island, Reed endured the usual humiliations of adolescence (recalled in a lovely, almost sentimental song called *Coney Island Baby*) before setting out for Syracuse. After that came a flight into the nether regions of the New York pop life. He soon settled down with Warhol's crew of dilettantes and debauchees, a sojourn both memorialized and satirized in Reed's best-known song, *Walk on the Wild Side*, a barbed anthem to café society transvestites and chic-street hustlers.

In the mid-'60s he also became the generative force behind the Velvet Underground, a band notable in the era of peace, posies and good vibes, for laying

down rock music that virtually throttled the listener. Some of the Velvet's music is still among Reed's finest work, including a lengthy threnody called *Heroin* that is as devastating a drug song ("I'm goin' to try to nullify my life") as anyone has ever written.

There has never been anything polite about Reed's music, then or now: not a laid-back note or a smug lie. Reed has seen his poetry published in the *Paris Review* and *Fusion*, and both stubborn bards and diehard rock 'n' rollers will recognize



Lou Reed tears loose in Los Angeles

Celine as an all-night FM deejay.

—maybe even sympathize with—the sentiments expressed in the chorus of a new Reed tune:

Gimme, gimme, gimme some good times
Gimme, gimme, gimme some pain
Don't you know that both of them
look ugly
To me they always look the same

Other tunes in the album include a denunciation of a former associate called *Divi* and, best of all, *Street Hassle*, the album's centerpiece, an eleven-minute kaleidoscope of destruction compressed into three separate dramatic vignettes and linked by a single musical phrase. Tough

stuff, often outright scary, as when a character in one of the vignettes advises a fellow junkie how to dispose of his ODED girlfriend:

Grab your old lady by the feet
And just lay her out in the
darkened street
And by morning
She's just another hit and run

What keeps these excursions along the wild side from being slumming expeditions is Reed's own rapt sympathy for the grifters, freaks and crooks who populate much of his music. Many of his songs are shot through with the kind of dead-end romanticism that would stir Bruce Springsteen (who, in fact, appears unbilled and unannounced on *Street Hassle*, reciting the melancholy introduction to the third vignette). If Lou Reed gives no quarter in his music, neither does he yield to sensationalism or condescension. "You know," he sings in *Street Hassle*, "some people got no choice. And they can never find a voice. To talk with. That they can even call their own."

So the first thing that they see
That allows them the right to be
Why they follow it
You know what it's called?
Bad luck

"I'm like an Elvis Presley with brains, or Bob Dylan with looks," says Reed. "If you're intelligent at all, I'm a lot of fun." Finding the fun, however, can present a problem. Despite rave reviews for *Street Hassle* and a seismic stage show with which Reed is currently touring the country, playing his transparent Lucite guitar, radio play—crucial to an album's success—has been very limited. Says Arista President Clive Davis, "Every artist of original talent is a commercial challenge. Quality eventually wins out." He has no intention of urging Reed to cool down or slick up.

Of late, however, the self-ordained "rock-'n'-roll animal" has spruced up considerably, put on some weight and diminished his waning-moon pallor. Now 36, he lives with at least a semblance of normality, sharing a Greenwich Village apartment with a male lover named Rachael, who chews him out in the manner of spouses everywhere whenever Lou plays his guitar at peak volume. "The most frightening thing anyone can find out about me is how sane I am," Reed insists, glowing out from behind his wrap-around shades.

He may not be able to make you see it quite that way. But listen to his nightshade music enough, and if distinctions do not actually start to disintegrate and boundaries blur, you will at least know there is one mean street where such things happen. And you will have a taste of what it is like to live there.

Jay Kocks

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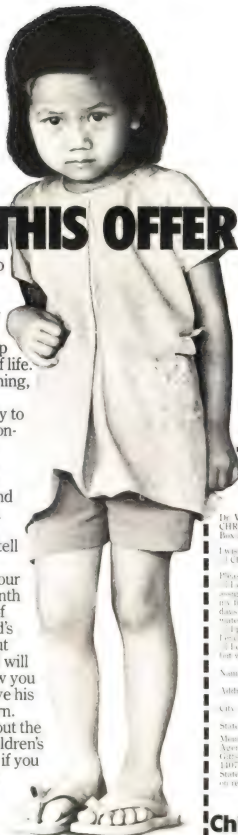
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Theater



Price in *Diversions & Delights*

Oscar on Oscar

DIVERSIONS & DELIGHTS
by John Gay

Oscar Wilde played Oscar Wilde all his life. From his glittering triumphs to the depths of disgrace and adversity, he relished the role above that of any of the characters he created in fiction or for the stage. By the accounts of people who met him, Oscar Wilde's Oscar Wilde was incomparable, and no one else could ever hope to equal his performance.

Granted that initial handicap, Vincent Price as a second-best Wilde is witty, debonairly outrageous and occasionally moving. The format of his one-man show is somewhat constricting and deliberately artificial. John Gay, who devised the evening, has conceived it as a lecture delivered in Paris in 1899, a year before Wilde's death, and some time after he had been released from his two-year prison term in Reading Gaol.

The first act is rather like a remembrance of epigrams past. If one has not heard them before, and even if one has, they will be perceived for precisely what they are—diamonds. The second act is like watching a man rattling a tin cup, not for small change, but for large tears. Price manages the shift without baths.

Wilde ultimately resists capture on the stage because his essence is his quicksilver

mentality. The equations that produced his comic paradoxes are different from, but no less elusive than the equations that sprang from the mind of Einstein. One irony that might have amused Wilde is that for less than the price of two tickets at Broadway's Eugene O'Neill Theater, one can purchase all of his works in paperback, and enjoy them for a thousand and one nights.

—T.E. Kalem

Et Tu, Dunlop!

JULIUS CAESAR
by William Shakespeare

Anyone who thinks the theater of the absurd is extinct need only attend the Brooklyn Academy of Music's production of *Julius Caesar* to behold it rampant on a field of idiocy. Director Frank Dunlop's conception of the play is so aberrant, so devoid of all sense and meaning, that when it does not border on the ludicrous it achieves the inane.

In an evening in which just about everyone abysmally flunks the course, it should be remembered that Dunlop is the teacher who plunged the players into this disaster. His prime error is to reduce the play to some quirky personalities on a bare set, its true home is a realm—the great stage of Rome. Dunlop has given us a Rome sans populace, sans armies, and devoid of the pervasive presence of megalopolitan power—perhaps the most potent character in the drama. The Roman state is what stalks the minds and characters of the men who conspire to kill Caesar. It is never remotely felt here.

Furthermore, Dunlop, who has a nimble intelligence and no inconsiderable gifts in stagecraft, seems either to have missed or ignored the moral point of the play. Rome is at the flash point at which

a republic blazes into tyranny. Into the crucible of history, the conspirators, and especially Brutus, pour the proposition that evil means (the assassination of Caesar) justify good ends (the preservation of the citizens' freedom). And history, time and time again, has verified the answer proffered by the play: the ends never justify the means, the means degrade and become the ends.

Mercy should grace any description of the performers, but it is difficult to be charitable while they are stabbing Shakespeare to death. George Rose is comfortable in Caesar's tunic, yet when he dies in the Forum, the event carries no more dramatic gravity than if Robert Morley were to be silenced midway in a British Airways commercial.

Brutus is the moral core of the play, a bit of a standoffish prig, perhaps, but still unstainably idealistic. In Rene Auberjonois's handling he is merely sweetly fretful, like someone who has just received word that he is up for an IRS audit. When it comes to the lean and hungry Cassius, Richard Dreyfuss looks like someone who makes substantial midnight raids on the fridge. More pertinently, he appears as the soul of sanity, a jarringly implausible refutation of the qualities of envy, thwarted ambition and deviousness that are an intrinsic part of Cassius's makeup.

To see the text bereft of all meaning, witness the Marc Antony of Austin Pendleton. He bird-chirps the resonant oratory, and his climactic moments consist of nasal sobs. He could no more move men to mass mutiny than he could leave a scuff mark on a molehill. Alone in this whole sorry mess, Holly Villaire, playing Brutus' wife Portia, rings true, displaying a loving care, loyalty and concern for her husband that no one has shown for the play.

—T.E.K.



Pendleton, Rose, Auberjonois, Dreyfuss in a scene from *Julius Caesar*

The ends never justify the means: the means degrade the ends.

Sport

The Past Is Always Present

Tradition spurs the Canadiens

In Montreal, it isn't springtime until the Canadiens win the Stanley Cup.

Let the breezes warm; bid the birds return. In the home of the only professional sports team to win championships across seven decades, spring should be a foregone conclusion. This year's Montreal Canadiens are an honor to the team's glorious past and far superior to the National Hockey League's present. As the Canadiens open their defense of the Stanley Cup this week, they are a solid choice to win their third straight Cup. During the past three seasons, the team has lost only 32 of 267 games, and this year it won 28 straight, breaking the old record by five games. No less an expert than Gordie Howe, the enduring right-winger for the New England Whalers, who has seen a full measure of hockey teams in his 50 years, deems the Canadiens beyond challenge: "Comparing the rest of the N.H.L. with Montreal is like comparing the World Hockey Association with the N.H.L. It's almost two different classes."

The Canadiens clearly rank among the finest teams in pro hockey history, the equal of the great Montreal clubs of the dynasty's past. This year's team was born in a spell of rare adversity. When the rough-'em-up Philadelphia Flyers won the Stanley Cup in 1974 and 1975, Montreal General Manager Sam Pollock and Coach Scotty Bowman rebuilt their club with canny trades for draft choices (the Canadiens had five first-round picks one year, leaving the other 17 teams to divvy up the rest). The results added size to the already considerable Montreal speed on ice. The current team can outskate anyone in the league and muscle the boards with the best of the backcheckers. Says Flyers' Coach Fred Shero: "A lot of people don't realize it, but the Canadiens are the toughest team in hockey. They don't fight a lot because they don't have to."

Led by Right Wing Guy Lafleur, the N.H.L.'s highest scorer for the past three years, All-Star Goaltender Ken Dryden, and the league's top defenseman, Larry Robinson, the Canadiens are solid on offense and defense. Lafleur, 26, is a scorer of such artistry that defenders often watch his goals with rueful admiration. Fast and agile, he swoops down the ice in an effortless rush, blond hair streaming as he feints, cuts, changes direction, and finally, with a deft, delicately tuned stroke, rifles the puck into the net or feeds a teammate with a radar-accurate pass. "He doesn't just score, he creates," says one fan.



Guy Lafleur, folk hero, looks for an opening



Robinson on the defensive; below, Dryden in the nets



In Quebec, Lafleur has succeeded Richard and Beliveau as a folk hero, the stuff of little boys' dreams. Shy and something of a loner, he is to Coach Bowman "a model of a superstar." Adds Bowman: "Guy never lets up, never tries to pull rank. And, for all his talent, he never stops trying to improve." While other players wait in line during shooting drills, Lafleur circles restlessly beside them, honing his turns, devising a new move, or flicking the occasional errant puck toward the goal. Says Teammate Rick Chartraw, the only Venezuelan-born player in the N.H.L.: "Guy even goofs off hard."

When Lafleur was the hottest 19-year-old prospect in amateur hockey, Montreal General Manager Pollock wheeled and dealt with the lowly Oakland Seals to get the draft rights that brought him to the Canadiens. No one was happier with Pollock's coup than Lafleur. "I watched the Canadiens play on television when I was a kid just five years old. I always dreamed of playing for them. When it is something you have wanted all your life and you walk into the dressing room for the first time as a Montreal Canadian, then you have come home."

The Canadiens' traditional hold on the hopes of young players is strengthened by an audience that is one of the most sophisticated and demanding in sport. Long accustomed to excellence, and aided by the unrelenting scrutiny of six daily newspapers, Forum fans cheer a skillful pass with a connoisseur's appreciation as well as roar for the flashy goal. Says Goaltender Dryden: "They know good hockey, and when they see bad hockey they let you know they know the difference. We play in a very demanding atmosphere."

As Montreal strives to add its 21st Stanley Cup banner to the crowded pantheon in the rafters above the ice, the players will be inspired by a remarkable shrine in the Forum. Along one wall of their locker room, brightly lit and imposing, are portraits of Montreal members of pro hockey's Hall of Fame—Maurice "Rocket" Richard, Jean Beliveau, George Vezina—24 of them in all. Above the determined faces are lines, in both French and English, from John McCrae: "To you from failing hands we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high." In 1976, Center Doug Risebrough stood beneath the gallery after Montreal clinched the Cup and shouted: "Hey, you up there! We did it too!" That, says Dryden, is the key to the Canadiens' success: "No matter how great the past, there is always the present, the living example. Richard to Beliveau to Lafleur. Each generation of Canadiens plays with someone who will do it too, someone whose portrait will be on that wall when his career is done."

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In Rome, Lollobrigida finds that fashion photography is a snap



In Dogpatch, Parton makes hay posing for a poster

People



Mondale displays a Hofmann

"Joan of Art," as they call her in Washington, just can't stop collecting. Only a year after **Walter Mondale's** wife filled the Vice President's official residence with art borrowed from Midwestern museums, she has started all over. This time the paintings, sculptures and handicrafts come from museums in the Southwest. Last week Joan gave the press

a tour of her treasures, which include large paintings by **Hans Hofmann** and **Helen Frankenthaler**. Why all the art in the Veep's house? Explained Joan: "Here people can see paintings in an intimate setting. We hope it will open their eyes and make them more receptive."

■ **Paparazzo**, no, but fashion photographer, *si*. The athletic shutterbug is Italy's **Gina Lollobrigida**, who has stopped acting and now spends much of her time on the other side of the camera, stills department. When French *Vogue* assigned her to take some offbeat fashion photos, she scrambled over Roman rooftops, clicking away. Lollobrigida, 50, has even more creative assignments ahead. She has just become artistic director of an interior-design firm and president of a cosmetics company. "In these two jobs I can put all I got from my artistic studies at the Accademia di Belle Arti," she says. "My life has come full circle and I'm back to my first love, which was painting."

■ **Ponytails flying**, braces flashing, **Tracy Austin** is tackling a different ball game. The 15-year-old terror of tennis joined a softball team called the Foul Balls last week in a game at Hilton Head, S.C. Also

included: Fellow Tennis Stars **Chris Evert**, **Rosie Casals**, and **Martina Navratilova**. The queens of clay took on the Top Brass—a team heavy with tennis trainers and coaches. "There were lots of errors and chaos," said one observer. With it all, the teams managed to slug it out for six innings. Said Casals: "You could really tell who the athletes were. The Foul Balls put the Top Brass in a foul mood." The score: 20-4.

■ Watch out, **Farrar**. Steady on, **Cheryl**. The newest rival in



Austin on the diamond

the poster war is Country Music Star **Dolly Parton**. Decked out à la **Daisy Mae**—but looking more like **Mae West**—Parton took a roll in the haystack as the photographer snapped away. The Parton pinup will go on sale next month, and it suits the subject just fine. Says Parton: "The truth is, I am country."

On the Record

Theodore H. White, commenting National Book Awards History Winner **David McCullough**: "I think you write better history than they make it."

Muriel Humphrey, who took over H.H.'s Senate seat: "I want to return to Minnesota at the end of the interim period in November and resume life as a private person, with time for my home, family and friends."

Maya Angelou, poet and author (*I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*): on the diversity of the U.S.: "We really are 15 countries, and it's really remarkable that each of us thinks we represent the real America. The Midwesterner in Kansas, the black American in Durham—both are certain they're the real America. And Boston just knows it is."

Art

The Coming of the Pompeians

From Italy to Boston, a blockbuster loan exhibition



Statuette of Aphrodite with Priapus

In 1979 a mud slide buried Malibu fathoms under the Pacific. There it lay for nearly 2,000 years: the brown Mercedes 450s and the manuals on orgasm, the barnacle-encrusted Jacuzzi, tennis gear, waterlogged paperbacks on obscure Eastern cults. Cuisinarts, bud vases, T U D s and LeRoy Neiman prints, jumbled with the bones of producers and promoters. Archaeologists even found the calcified remains of a Lhasa Apso, pathetically clutching in its teeth the rawhide doggie pacifier it had tried to keep while vainly fleeing the cataclysm: mute testimony to the suddenness with which nature had rebuked (but for future museumgoers, preserved) the frail pretensions of human culture. How like us—or so the visitor to the resurrected city, preserved in a giant tank

at Sea World, might reflect—the Malibuvians were! How familiar their appetites, how quotidian their life! Curiosity, in this case, resurrects the cat. So it is with Pompeii.

Volcanically speaking, the eruption of Vesuvius on Aug. 24, A.D. 79, was a squib compared with the more recent explosions of Krakatoa or Mont Pelée. But no seismic event has ever had wider cultural repercussions. Buried under 12 ft. of deadly ash and scoriae, the city of Pompeii—a flourishing town on the Bay of Naples, filled with rich men's villas, tradesmen's houses and the workshops of the poor—was in the moment of its snuffing-out turned into the most complete social time capsule left by the Roman world. Since major excavations of its site were completed in the 19th century, Pompeii has been one of the supreme clichés of tourism and, short of an archaeological discovery of Atlantis, which seems improbable, it is likely to remain so. King



In a wall painting from the House of the Dioscuri, the god Pan recoils from a hermaphrodite



A white stork harasses a lizard while a pet mongrel inspects a plant in a decorative 1st century painting from Pompeii's House of the Epigrams. Under the ashes in the time capsule, big-eyed portraits, hedonism, second-class sculpture and the first catastrophe novel.



A man propels a sacrificial goat toward a mountain shrine and (right) the classical trio of the three graces is preserved in faded pigment
Suggestions of romantic landscape, leftovers from Hellenistic vigor, and an unrivaled spectacle for the historical voyeur

Tut's tomb had more gold and better works of art, but it gives little impression of how Egyptians below Tutankhamun's level lived. Pompeii has everything, even some mild and (by modern standards) charmingly humane pornography. Thus it has been big cultural box office ever since 1834, when Bulwer-Lytton's *The Last Days of Pompeii* created the catastrophe novel as a form of entertainment. ("Alas! Alas!" murmured Ione. "I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest!—beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!")

So any exhibition based on Pompeii is sure of an audience. When the blockbuster loan show called "Pompeii A.D. 79" was seen in London, a million people went to it; one may assume that on its tour of Boston, Chicago, Dallas and New York City in 1978-79, that figure will be exceeded. The exhibition, which opened last week at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, includes more than 300 objects, from encaustic wall paintings to bronze figures, pots and glass, on loan from the National Archaeological Museum of Naples and the Pompeii Antiquarium. There are even two plaster corpses, dog and man, eerie and Segal-like in their necrotic beauty. Short of a trip to Pompeii, the show gives the best view of life in this fat province of the ancient world.

In aesthetic terms, the level of the exhibition is decidedly uneven. Most of the glassware is routine, as is the pottery. Nor, in the 1st century A.D., was southern Italy a remarkable center for sculpture. The show includes some good late portrait busts of civic dignitaries, one well-preserved and

almost neurotically sensitive marble head of an adolescent boy found in the House of the Citharist in Pompeii, and an imposing bronze figure, more than life size, of a citizen laying down the law in his official toga. There are also the bronze *groteschi* and phallic knickknacks that seem to have been indispensable to fashionable taste in this seaside resort.

But neither Pompeii nor Campania as a whole in the 1st century can really be said to have had its own sculptural style. Instead, one gets agreeable but boneless replicas of a vanished Hellenistic vigor, as in the gilded marble statuette of Aphrodite with Priapus from the Naples Museum.

The paintings and mosaics, of course, are more interesting. The largest surviving

body of painting from Roman antiquity was found in Pompeii and nearby Herculaneum, and when dug up it exerted a continual influence over such different artists as the old Renoir and the young Picasso. The most elaborate and complete of the Pompeian mural cycles could not be brought from Italy. But there are enough small detached panels and scenes to suggest the range of Pompeian painting. There are mythological scenes, infused with wry humor: the painting of Pan and Hermaphroditus, from the House of the Dioscuri, is perhaps the best-known of them, showing the randy goat god recoiling from his mistaken pass at a hermaphrodite. There are landscapes which, however faded and abused by time, still exhale the delectable freshness of spring in Cam-

pania: the feathery trees and picturesque wildness of one image of a ragged man propelling a sacrificial goat toward a mountain temple remind one of Salvador Rosa.

Some of the portraits, like the one of a young couple in ceremonial dress that recalls the big-eyed stare of late Egyptian funerary portraits, are of singular delicacy and sensitivity. At the opposite end of the scale, there are also the robust still-life and kitchen scenes, barnyard details of rabbits, fruit, hens and—in the House of the Epigrams—a fluffy pet mongrel gazing at an aloe plant. The taste of the Pompeians, their broad materialism, their relish for everyday life, and their undemanding hedonism rise from their art like a message in a bottle. It may not have been a city of thought; but from a show like this one gets, and enjoys, the next best thing—an unrivaled opportunity for historical voyeurism. —Robert Hughes



Portrait of a young couple in ceremonial dress
In the Malibu of antiquity, an air of introspection.



Yves St. Laurent in the eve...



His shoestring dress and wrap...



And devil-red satin with scarves

Living

Fashion and Show Biz in France

Paris was not burning, but the clothes are ready-to-wearable

The French, who may be the world's canniest people, do like to play crazy. Particularly when being *fou* like a fox lays a hot trail to the bank. They can be observed at their canniest-craziest at the annual showings in Paris of ready-to-wear fashions for fall and winter. The April r.t.w. cash bash is a come-lately promotion-cum-celebration that in recent years has overtaken the *haute couture* collections in importance, supports the high-fashion houses, and is largely responsible for drawing nearly \$2 billion a year into the French economy. This year's extravaganza was *le most*.

There were 92 officially scheduled shows, up to ten a day for ten days. The fashion follies packed every hotel in Paris, attracting 130,000 visitors, including more than 4,000 U.S. buyers. With blaring rock music, laser-beam lighting, night-long partying, topless models, on-stage horses and at least one fistfight, the City of Light became Hollywood-sur-Seine.

This year's r.t.w.—the initials could as well stand for razzmatazz-to-wacky—produced no bombshells, but a few Roman candles, and squibs aplenty. It also offered something for just about everyone. The influences, as *Le Figaro's* Helene de Turckheim noted, could be traced to "the 1940s, the 1950s, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters*, the



YSL's side-wrapped plaid skirt and shawl
In Hollywood-sur-Seine, *fou* like a fox

army, the church and even the crowning of Bangui's Emperor Bokassa."

Apart from the photo-grabbing folde-rol, the top designers—led as usual by Yves St. Laurent—came through with clothes that are both salable and wear-able. Trends:

► Black is back, particularly in the little evening dress, which has become even lit-tler. High reds and pulsating purples also dominate the chromatic spectrum.

► The shape is generally structured, though there is a profusion of sacks, smocks, tunics and blousons. Otherwise, waists are cinched back to the hourglass with belts, cummerbunds, sashes and thongs.

► Curves and limbs crawl sinuously out from long, slit-up skirts and blousy, waist-less layers.

► Shoulders are square and padded by day, and by evening become theater in the round.

► Woolen plaids highlight St. Laurent's collection. Other materials include always practical corduroy, soft leather, velvet, and silk.

► The accent is on accent: preposterous pasteboard jewelry, exotic plumes, stilet-to-heeled boots, multicolored gloves, and exaggerated hats that would justify any woman's ejection from an orchestra seat.

What bothers buyers is what lies ahead. As one frazzled observer noted, "What can they possibly do as a sequel next fall? Except parade their models down the Champs Elysees?" Chances are the more theatrical showmen are already in line for parade permits.



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Books

Love, Art and the Last Puritan

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP by John Irving. Dutton; 437 pages; \$10.95

Why is an artist like a bear on a cycle? John Irving does not have an answer; he does not even ask the question. Yet a bear does pedal through his fourth novel, in a haunting story caged within the main narrative. Since Irving's first novel was called *Setting Free the Bears*, the ursine connection is not inappropriate. Bears, like artists, can elicit both fascination and fear. Both can be primitive, matted, smelly and wild, and both can learn tricks, be domesticated, cleaned up and made cuddly.

T.S. Garp, the writer-hero of *The World According to Garp*, is bearlike. He is short, powerfully built, a former schoolboy wrestler, a man dedicated to phys-

rifying parental obsession are fused in a few moments of comedy and horror. Yes, something awful happens to Garp's children; but to have one's emotions manipulated as skillfully, one would have to go back to the riding accident suffered by Tony and Brenda Last's son in Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*.

The World According to Garp is a long family novel, spanning four generations and two continents, crammed with incidents, characters, feelings and craft. The components of black comedy and melodrama, pathos and tragedy, mesh effortlessly in a tale that can also be read as a commentary on art and the imagination.

Garp himself begins in an act of high-

role reversals. Garp, raised on the campus of a New England boys' school where his mother is head nurse, exhibits strong maternal instincts. When his wife decides to have an affair, she behaves with all the distracting caution of the philandering commuter. The most striking sexual suspect is Roberta Muldoon, formerly Robert, a transsexual who once played tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles. She is Garp's closest friend and squash partner.

Though Irving never plays these characters for easy laughs, they all display a humor founded on the sorrowful awareness that life is flux and the soul of man but "dreams and vapors." Garp is a reader of Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations*. He is also one of the last puritans, pondering lust as the enemy of order and family, and sloth as the bane of the artist. Oddly, so is experience. As events overtake him, he finds it harder to write: "Garp could now be truthful only by remembering, and that method—as distinct from imagining—was not only psychologically harmful to him but far less fruitful."

Such insights give Irving's characters an intense humanity that raises them far above the agitprop of radical feminism and militant homosexuality. Jenny Fields and her son are two exceptional people working out their destinies in a world that consistently misunderstands them. Jenny's bestseller attracts a cult of fanatic man-hating women who have cut out their tongues to commemorate a celebrated rape victim. As an artist Garp must defend against those who confuse autobiography and imagination. Eventually both mother and son inflame the passions of the emotionally maimed and suffer the classic fates of saints and poets.

The World According to Garp is an ex-



John Irving in an arm-wrestling match with his son at home in Putney, VT.

A sorrowful awareness that life is flux and the soul of man but dreams and vapors.

ical fitness, writing fiction, cooking and keeping house while his wife teaches literature to arrogant, randy college students. Garp is also fiercely protective of his two children: "There was so much to worry about, when worrying about children, and Garp worried so much about everything: at times, especially in these throes of insomnia. Garp thought himself to be psychologically unfit for parenthood. Then he worried about that, too, and felt all the more anxious for his children. What if their most dangerous enemy turned out to be him?"

Night thoughts turn to prophecy in a series of chain-reaction ironies that Irving controls with such authority that the most bizarre male sexual fear and the most ter-

ly spiced imagination. During World War II, his mother, Nurse Jenny Fields, climbs into bed with a ball-turret gunner who has been lobotomized by a piece of flak. The gunner, Technical Sergeant Garp, dies shortly afterward, leaving only the initials of rank for his son's first name. For Jenny, her one and only sexual experience is a calculated insemination consistent with her independent nature. As she writes in *A Sexual Suspect*, the autobiography that makes her famous, "I wanted a job and I wanted to live alone. That made me a sexual suspect. Then I wanted a baby, but I didn't want to have to share my body or my life to have one. That made me a sexual suspect too."

The novel is strategically seeded with

Excerpt

“ Like a gunman hunting his victim, like the child molester the parent dreams, Garp stalks the sleeping spring suburbs . . . the people snore and wish and dream, their lawnmowers at rest, it is too cool for their air conditioners to be running. A few windows are open, a few refrigerators are humming. There is the faint, trapped warble from some televisions tuned in to *The Late Show*, and the blue-gray glow from the picture tubes throbs from a few of the houses. To Garp this glow looks like cancer, insidious and numbing, putting the world to sleep. Maybe television causes cancer. Garp thinks: but his real irritation is a writer's irritation: he knows that wherever the TV glows, there sits someone who isn't reading.”

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Books

traordinary work whose achievement is echoed in Garp's own discovery "that when you are writing something, everything seems related to everything else." That is easier said than written, but John Irving has written it. At 36, he moves into the front rank of America's young novelists.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Irish Lib

FINAL PAYMENTS

by Mary Gordon

Random House; 297 pages; \$8.95

Things are a little out of the ordinary at 50-12 Dover Road, Queens. For eleven years, Isabel Moore has been nursing her widowed father through a series of debilitating strokes. The first occurred when she was 19, and she has done the dirty, exhausting job all by herself. She is aware that almost no one of her generation would make the choice that she did, but she likes the "balletic routine" of caring for an invalid. There had been an ugly, whining housekeeper named Margaret Casey, but Isabel loathed her and summoned the force to throw her out.

Final Payments, the best first novel in many months, begins at old Joe Moore's funeral. At the graveside are weeping priests. Mary Gordon knows the Irish

Catholic enclaves of New York lethally well. The priests had been her father's companions, drinking for hours in his house and arguing about baptism of desire. Moore himself was a militant soldier of Christ and a right-wing fanatic: "His sympathies were with the South in the Civil War and the Spanish Fascists." But if his opinions were unfashionable and possibly barbaric, he knew something about the nature of his God's love for man, something his child has to learn.

Isabel skips eagerly out of her eleven-year retirement. Helped by two old Dover Road pals who have since quit the neighborhood, she soon has smart clothes and a social service job in upstate New York. She sells the house, moves, and falls lyrically in love with a married man.

Then everything turns inside out. She realizes that what interests people most about her is her bizarre and medieval past. The do-gooder work helps no one. Her lover's wife confronts her, screaming, "You're a good person." Isabel flees her whole new world. There will be another job and another man for her, but before that she must go back to Margaret Casey. It was not the old woman's spiteful tongue, her sloth, her mawkish novenas or her copies of the *Sacred Heart Messenger* that Isabel hated. It was that her father loved Margaret, with an engaged love for the wretched of God's earth, those who

spend their lives trying to keep a little space at the edge of the table. From the opening rites of burial, laced with fine Irish malice, the reader relaxes, secure in the hands of a confident writer. That assurance lasts right through the book, although *Final Payments* is an ambitious debut. Gordon goes beyond any formulas about sheltered young women entering the churning world and learning through suffering. Isabel is a sympathetic but varied character. What she says of her father applies to her as well: "His mind had the brutality of a child's or an angel's."

If Gordon is to be linked with her elders and betters, the closest is perhaps Elizabeth Bowen. In some ways, *Final Payments* is a lower-class *Death of the Heart*, in its controlled structure and in the daring with which both writers force collisions of conscience and will. But perhaps the most heartening aspect of the new book is one that is almost incidental to it, the passages about Isabel and the two women friends who help her. The moments of warmth and the strains that gradually heal are written with openness and self-consciousness. It is as if the painfully aggressive voices of the past decade had finally been heard, understood and absorbed.

Mary Gordon's Dover Road was ac-



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Books

tually a heavily Catholic section of Valley Stream, L.I. Her mother, "a nice Catholic girl" and now a legal secretary, has lived in the same house for 58 years. Mary, who is 29, sometimes feels, like Isabel, that the most interesting part of her life is her past. Her father's family were the only Jews in Lorain, Ohio. They managed to send their son to Harvard, but he dropped out and knocked around Europe for a few years. Says Mary: "He once started a girlie magazine called *Hot Dog*. When I was a teen-ager I found one and tore it up. Now I'd give anything for a copy." Her father then converted to a rather strenuous Roman Catholicism and spent the rest of his life (he died when Mary was eight) starting right-wing religious magazines, "things like *Catholic International*," that lasted for an issue or two.

"When he was alive, I was O.K., I was terrific," says Mary. "Afterward I was a mess. What I secretly knew was important was not important to anyone else." A world of intellect and glamour seemed enragingly beyond grasp. There was certainly no trace of it in parochial schools. Mary Gordon recalls the chants of chemistry class: "What does covalent bonding remind us of?" "The mystical body of Christ."

She fought her family and her teachers to go to Barnard, and later did post-



Novelist Mary Gordon

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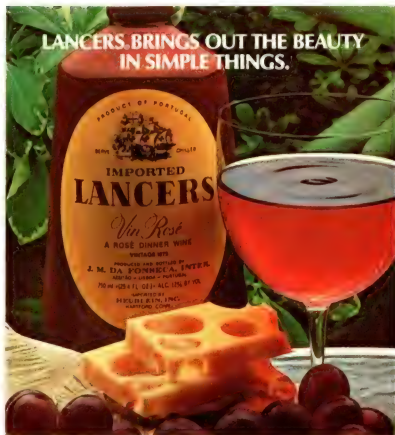


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Books

graduate work at Syracuse University. Four years ago, she married a British anthropologist. The idea for *Final Payments* came from the old neighborhood. "I thought of women of my mother's generation who led sacrificial lives for someone in their family. There is a terrible human need when the body conks out, but no one in my generation gives over his life. I began by wondering what would happen." After the book was turned down by a couple of publishers, Gordon took it around to her Barnard teacher, Critic Elizabeth Hardwick. Her advice was to switch the narrative from the third to the first person. It took three months and transformed the book.

Mary Gordon is frightened about the money that she is making—\$300,000 from the paperback sale, for example. "I deserve something, but not all that," she muses. She will take a trip to Spain, teach a course on the religious novel at Amherst next year, finish a new book and "look into causes that need help" if that money piles up too high. First, like Isabel after her liberation, she will buy some clothes at Bloomingdale's.

—Martha Duffy

Cracked Alabaster

THE YOUNG HAMILLTON,

A BIOGRAPHY

by James Thomas Flexner

Little, Brown, 497 pages, \$15

Like Hamlet and Polonius interpreting the shapes of clouds, psychohistorians tend to find whatever emotional apparitions they need to prove a thesis—as if the Third Reich, for example, could be explained by little Hitler's toilet training. Fortunately, Historian James T. Flexner is temperate and plausible enough in his psychologizing about the young Alexander Hamilton to offer a fascinating new analysis of a precocious and odd career.

His earlier biographers, often hagiographical in their enthusiasm for Hamilton, have known that he was born illegitimate in the Leeward Islands of the West Indies, his father the disinherited fourth son of an aristocratic Scots family. That part of the Hamilton story, briefly told, has suggested a certain domestic warmth surrounding the child, and even a hint of affluence. Flexner's research, he says, "turns the accepted story completely upside down. I found not affluence but relative squalor; not warmth but betrayal. Hamilton's home was a shambles." Being illegitimate, Alexander was officially designated an "obscene child." His mother Rachel was evidently something of a slut; before taking up with Hamilton's father, she served time in jail on St. Croix for committing adultery—"whoring with everyone," said her husband's complaint in court. Hamilton's father, a feckless ro-

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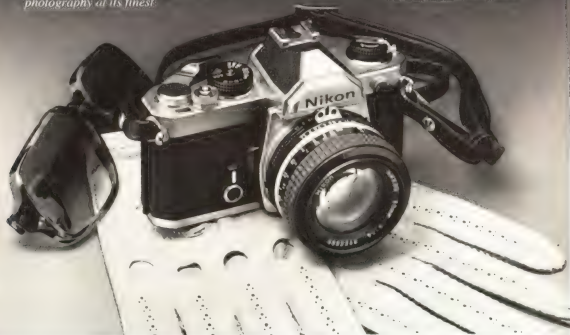
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Hamilton as Revolutionary War officer

An ever-denied release from inner wounds

mantic and bankrupt merchant, eventually deserted Rachel and their two children—or perhaps, as Flexner thinks, was himself abandoned by Rachel. When Rachel died in 1768, Alexander Hamilton was a child of eleven, virtually alone in the world.

Flexner, author of a magisterial four-volume life of George Washington, believes that this chaotic childhood left Hamilton, for all his brilliance, a strange and scarred man, "by far the most psychologically troubling of the founding fathers." He finds in Hamilton two very different, constantly warring creatures. One is the paragon of eighth-grade history: logical, visionary, very nearly alabaster; the other, "the semimadman who sought from the world an ever-denied release from inner wounds... The accomplished, smooth and brilliant man of the world could at any moment change hysterically, invisibly, for the time being decisively, into an imperiled, anguished child." In Flexner's formulation, Hamilton bore a life-long grudge against his mother and cherished a romantic dream of aristocracy and vanished honor; it was the only thing his father had to leave him.

The legacy, from both sides, made Hamilton a kind of perpetual outsider, with a low and cynical opinion of human beings. He thought men must be led through their interests and vices rather than their affections and virtues. Left so vulnerable, he was obsessed by power and order. He sought father figures—a role



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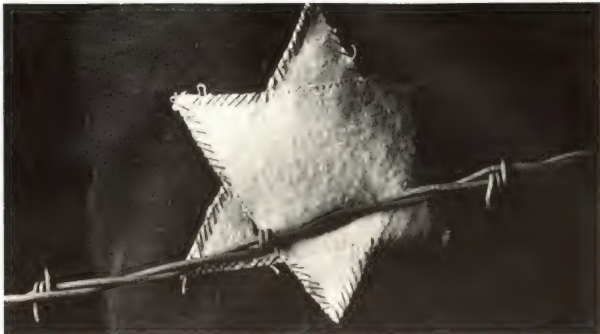
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Books

filled for some time by Washington, he became Washington's *de facto* chief of staff at the astonishing age of 20. Hamilton was given to nervous collapses, irrational eruptions and an anxious preoccupation with personal glory. It seemed somehow right that such a touchy man should die in a duel. Fortunately, Flexner never permits his psychological theories, which seem sound enough if not pursued to preposterous lengths, to overwhelm this rich and very solid biography, ending with Hamilton's 26th year, two decades before his death.

The logic of Hamilton's ambitions dictated that he should have become President of the country he did so much to create; it is just as well that the honor escaped him. When Jefferson once remarked that he thought the greatest men in history were Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton and John Locke, Hamilton replied that, no, the greatest man who ever lived was Caesar.

—Lance Morrow

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Daniel Martin, *John Fowles*
Final Payments, *Mary Gordon*
The Human Factor, *Graham Greene*
The World According to Garp, *John Irving*

NONFICTION: Coming into the Country, *John McPhee* • Dispatches, *Michael Herr* • Dulles, *Leonard Mosley* • A Place for Noah, *Josh Greenfield*

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1 Bloodline, *Sheldon* (1 last week)
- 2 The Thorn Birds, *McCullough* (2)
- 3 The Human Factor, *Greene* (4)
- 4 The Holcroft Covenant, *Ludlum* (6)
- 5 Scorpions, *Krantz* (3)
- 6 The Silmarillion, *Tolkien* (5)
- 7 Goodbye California, *MacLean*
- 8 The Honourable Schoolboy, *Le Carré* (8)
- 9 A Stranger Is Watching, *Clark* (9)
- 10 Whistle, *Jones*

NONFICTION

- 1 The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (1)
- 2 My Mother: My Self, *Friday* (2)
- 3 The Amityville Horror, *Anson* (5)
- 4 The Ends of Power, *Haldeman* with *DiMona* (3)
- 5 The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need, *Tobias* (6)
- 6 All Things Wise and Wonderful, *Herriot* (4)
- 7 Gnomes, *Huygen* & *Poorvis* (7)
- 8 The Final Conclave, *Martin* (10)
- 9 If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombeck*
- 10 The Second Ring of Power, *Castaneda* (9)

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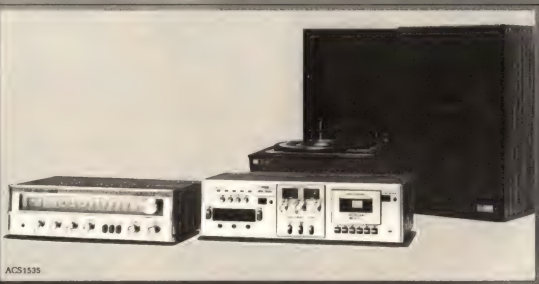
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Time Essay



Audrey Hepburn



Cheryl Tiegs



Jill Clayburgh



Jane Fonda

In Praise of Older Women

Perhaps it is a sign of cultural maturity; in any case, it is a welcome, and slightly amazing, development. In an almost measurable way, the average age of desirability in American women seems to have risen by a dozen years or more. Women who might have been inclined to sigh ruefully at the inanity of a shampoo ad telling them, "You're not getting older, you're getting better," are starting to believe that it may actually be true. As for men, many of whom are still afflicted by a kind of sand-box nympholepsy—the women desired being a procession of "playmates"—more of them are now inclined to credit the experience of the Hungarian-born writer Stephen Vizinczey. In his 1965 novel, *In Praise of Older Women*, he wrote: "No girl, however intelligent and warmhearted, can possibly know or feel half as much at 20 as she will at 35."

Anyone watching the popular iconography has been able to see the change. In movies, it may have started two years ago in *Robin and Marian*; at 46, Audrey Hepburn played an exquisite and sexy Marian to Sean Connery's aging Robin Hood. This year, in *An Unmarried Woman*, Actress Jill Clayburgh portrays a wonderful 37-year-old whose husband leaves her for a much younger woman; a character in the movie accurately remarks that the husband was crazy to make the exchange. After a decade of tending barricades, Jane Fonda, now 40, has emerged as a fascinating actress and a forceful, attractive woman. *Harper's Bazaar*, which ought to know about such matters, this month published its list of the nation's ten most beautiful women; none is under 30.* It is painful to remember that 16 years ago Marilyn Monroe killed herself perhaps because, among other things, she could not bear turning 36.

Men did not initiate this interest in women who are old enough to remember Eisenhower and Stevenson, or who still savor the image of Simone Signoret, everywoman's Bogart, in a trenchcoat, dangling a cigarette, in *Room at the Top*. Rather, a series of changes in women themselves—the way they run their lives, the way they see themselves—seems to have caused the response in men. Feminism has had much to do with it, though not always directly. All kinds of eddies and crosscurrents have swirled around the practice and politics of sex in the past ten years. A feminist leader was once playfully asked if there would be sex after women's liberation. "Yes," she replied, "only it will be better." That seems, for many, to have come true. Women, especially those well past the stage of reading Tolkien, seem smarter, funnier, sexier and more self-sufficient than before.

As the framework of the sexual drama has changed, age

has lost its determining relevance. Older women are no longer quite so afraid of becoming involved with younger men. With feminism and exposure to the brittle fragility of so many marriages in the '70s, women of almost all ages have developed a certain independence. In the past, as a matter of sociobiological order, desirable women (especially in youth-worshipping America) tended to be those of the courting age, from 17 or so to 25 or 28. Because married women were usually considered off limits, the focus of male desire was officially rather narrow. In a film like *All About Eve*, a bitter, bitchy Darwinism could drive the Bette Davis character to despair as she hit 40, looked over her shoulder, and saw her youthful doppelgänger clawing to replace her. Girls reaching 25 would start to panic about finding a husband, and many, two or three years later, would marry slobs just to change their sexual prefixes.

An entire cathedral of customs and fashions was constructed around the rites of mating, which, especially for women, carried certain age regulations, or at least probabilities. The edifice has by no means been dismantled, but it is greatly altered. What women wear, for example, has had psychological impact upon how they thought of themselves, and what they believed to be possible. In the past, women after 25 started to dress like matrons. But the vivid costume party of the '60s taught women of all ages to wear almost any damn thing they pleased. Fashions are more subdued now, but many women, of all generations, have escaped the typecasting of dress.

Fashions have changed in part because women's roles are different. Women of 30 or 35 or 40 or older are apt to be juggling a career and the care of children, often without a husband. They have figured out their lives for themselves. They have style. They are grown-ups, and they don't conceal their ages; if their lives are tougher, they frequently possess a certain centeredness and strength that is unavailable to those much younger, who seem somehow unformed, incomplete, far less interesting—and sometimes unbelievably ignorant. Not long ago, a Radcliffe senior confessed that she did not know what the Holocaust was. Oh my, oh my.

Age and experience do not merely ravage. They can give a high mellow patina to a woman's face and character—or a man's. As the anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss wrote: "Age removes the confusion, only possible in youth, between physical and moral characteristics." Women have often thought somewhat older men more interesting company; now men seem to be finding out the same thing about older women. It might be merely neurotic to cultivate a great age disparity on purpose. But Balzac, for example, discovered in Madame de Berny, who

*The list: Lena Horne, 60; Candice Bergen, 31; Diannah Carroll, 42; Faye Dunaway, 37; Princess Grace, 48; Lauren Hutton, 32; Farrah Fawcett-Majors, 31; Ali MacGraw, 37; Elizabeth Taylor, 46; and Cheryl Tiegs, 30.

Would you stonewall a committee? Not Senator Hayakawa's.



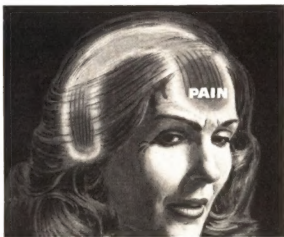
S. I. Hayakawa, a freshman U.S. senator and a long-time member of The American Heritage Dictionary Usage Panel, might not mind a witness refusing to answer or not cooperating. He and 69% of the other

members of the panel would object strongly to anyone using *stonewall* as a verb. This kind of up-to-date advice on using words effectively is an exclusive feature of The American Heritage Dictionary. And its 155,000 entries, 4,000 illustrations, and thousands of new words help make it America's complete contemporary dictionary as well. From \$9.95



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Essay



Princess Grace

was twice as old as he, a supple and sumptuous intelligence that would have been impossible in a woman his own age. (Indeed, the French have a rich tradition of appreciating older women.)

Physical conditioning has made a difference, of course. Americans, both men and women, are staying in better shape than in the past. Samuel Johnson, who was married to a woman 20 years his senior, once wrote forebodingly: *For how'er we boast and strive, Life declines from thirty-five.* But nutrition and jogging shoes have improved since the 18th century. Feminism has taught women to enjoy being athletes. In all of this, alas, there are exceptions. A visit to a suburban shopping mall will disclose women who, at only 25, with pink gauze kerchiefs bandaging their plastic curlers, with fat melting down below their Bermuda shorts (it is one of the enduring mysteries of life why heavier women wear them), disprove the thesis. And many women simply become worse fools as the years pass. It would be silly to sentimentalize.

One factor involved in the attraction of somewhat older women is what might be called the narcissism of the demographic bulge. The postwar baby-boom generation causes distensions and exaggerations in society in whatever epoch it hits. The fervent cry of many of the boom babies in the '60s was "Don't trust anyone over 30." Now that so many of them have crossed that barrier, into the golden twilight of their 30s, they are apt to glamorize their new estate just as they did their former.

In the '60s, the very fact of youth carried pretenses to ideological meaning—and a certain menace. Today, in the age of Donny and Marie, one thinks (unfairly perhaps) of so many young women more as the merely immature. Their eyes tend to jiggle in blankish faces, to perform small discos of incomprehension. Too often, they seem to be kittens, babysitters, the vests of Shaun Cassidy. How much better to look across at that frank loveliness and steady gaze that some women acquire, some time after their twenties, when they seem finally to have taken permanent possession of themselves.

— Lance Morrow



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